The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVII. No. 1663 DEC. 5, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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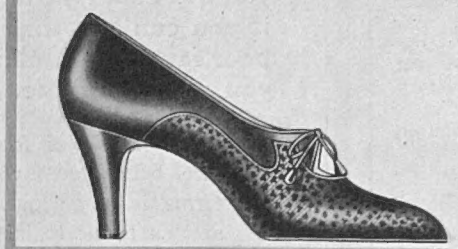

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A Tragedy of Isolation

To be without Speech and Hearing is to be as a stranger in one's own land; the main avenue of approach is closed.

THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE

DEAF & DUMB

with the aid of its specially trained staff is bridging the gulf, providing social intercourse and friendliness for loneliness and isolation. Through its work it is changing depression and despair into hope and happy usefulness; poverty and unemployment into self-support and self-respect.

There are more than 5,000 Deaf and Dumb within its area; for many of them it would be

A Lonely Christmas indeed—

but for the assistance of this Society. Your support is earnestly asked.

Please send a Christmas Gift to-day to Graham W. Simes, Secretary, 413, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Children's Dainty Frocks for the Party Season

"ESTELLE" (*above*). Lovely Party Frock in palest coral pink point d'esprit net mounted on taffeta of the same shade. Trimmed with rouleaux of dresden blue georgette and hand-made posies in multi-colourings. To fit girl of ten years.

89/6

"PEARL" (*above*). Dainty Party Frock with frilled knickers to match. In artificial silk taffeta, sleeves and neck edged with finely pleated net. In almond, soft blue, peach or all white. Sizes 26, 28, 30 and 32 ins. Including knickers.

21/9

"YVONNE" (*on left*). An adaptation of the empire style. In powder blue taffetas de luxe embroidered in rouge and pink tones. Trimmed with rouge binds and tinted mechlin lace of deep ivory shade. Size to fit girl of eight years.

75/9

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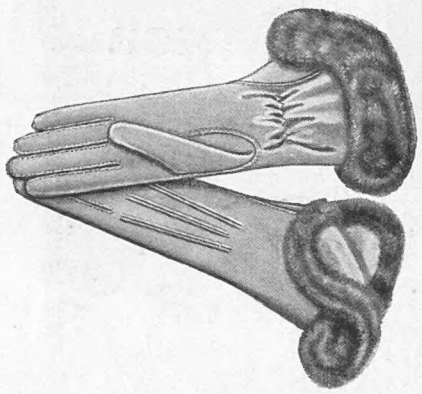
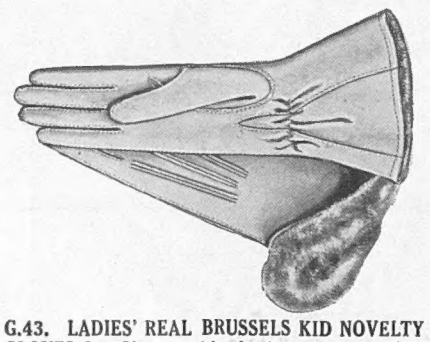
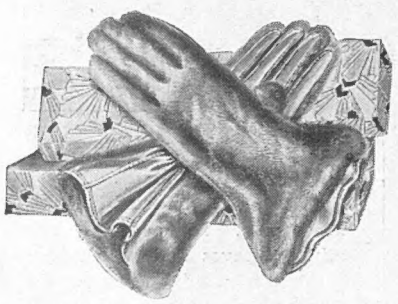


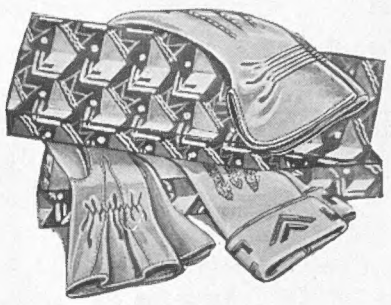
G.41. LADIES' FLEECY LINED MOCHA FINISH LAMBSKIN SAC GLOVES. British made from selected skins and trimmed Real Fur to tone. In Dark Beaver, Mushroom, Nigger or Slate. Very special value **8/11**



G.43. LADIES' REAL BRUSSELS KID NOVELTY GLOVES Sac Shape, with elastic at wrist, perfect fitting and exceptional value. Available in Fawn, Mushroom, Navy or Grey. **5/11**



G.26. LADIES' BEAVER CONEY MOTOR GAUNTLET (best English make) cut from super quality skins ; with strong cape leather palms that will withstand hard wear, and a warm fleecy lining throughout. The value is exceptional (packed in dainty box) **12/9**



G.14. Dainty boxes of **LADIES' GLOVES,** containing a delightful assortment of "GORRINGES" noted Gloves, which make a charming Xmas Gift. Two qualities. **14/9**
3 pairs, in fancy box, for and 21/-

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'Phone: Victoria 8600.

CHRISTMAS CHARITIES

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

Who in childhood has not played the familiar table game with cherry stones? To-day, "rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief," may have little significance to our readers. But the words have a very real meaning to the Church Army. There is never a slackening of work by the Church Army, which is at present preparing for its usual Christmas effort. It will again this year distribute parcels of food, etc., to the poor ; also it hopes to organize Christmas dinner-parties for men, women, and children who otherwise might face a bare table. The food and fare for the parcels are bought in large quantities at low prices. The actual cost of each parcel is 10s. ; £5 will provide for ten families. Gifts will be gladly acknowledged by Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., at 55, Bryanston Street, London.

MUST THE FLOWER PERISH?

The gardener is constantly alert to the care of his young plants. Many evils conspire to defeat him and continual vigilance is essential. It is the same with little children. In a good home every care is exercised to enable them to grow into strong, healthy, useful citizens. But what of the others? It is a regrettable fact that in these civilized days there should be a crying need for a National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. However, the society, known throughout the land as the N.S.P.C.C., has well justified its existence ; no less than 4,000,000 children have had good reason to be grateful for its efforts. In one year alone 105,873 children were helped in one way or another. When making out your list of Christmas gifts, will you send a donation to the N.S.P.C.C. so that they can continue in their cause with even greater success? Gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. William J. Elliott, the Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

MILESTONES OF PROGRESS

Figures are not often interesting to the average man or woman, but they are invaluable in emphasizing the importance of any constructive work—great or small. For instance, one has little conception of the vast social work which goes forward side by side with the world-wide spiritual work of the Salvation Army until it is illustrated with the aid of statistics. During a year the Salvation Army supplied to poor persons meals to the extent of over 24,000,000 ; it provided over 11,000,000 beds through its various shelters, hostels, and homes. Only two examples, yet they serve to prove the Salvation Army's claim to being the Friend of Numberless. Donations from our readers will assist the Salvation Army in maintaining and still further extending its work, and will be gratefully acknowledged. Please address your gift to General Higgins, Salvation Army, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

THE DAILY ROUND—IN HOXTON

Within a mile or so of the Bank of England, hemmed in on all sides, in the centre of London, sordid and mean streets are tragically overcrowded with homes of poverty. Thousands of children in that terrible district find in these streets their only playground. The Hoxton Market Christian Mission and Institute (of which Mr. Walter Scoles is the president) has been working for many years for the uplift of the people. Those of adult age are by no means overlooked or neglected, but the workers concentrate chiefly upon their efforts to train and help the young people to become useful citizens. Gifts of toys, food, clothes, and money should be sent to the Hoxton Market Mission, Hoxton Market, N.1.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

In pursuance of the magnificent charter, "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission," Dr. Barnardo's family—the largest in the British Empire—increases constantly. The crisis and its attendant privations have had no adverse influence upon the charity disseminated by this institution, but the need for funds is acute. Over 8,000 children are always enjoying the benefits of this foundation, and over 111,000 have been received. Donations should be sent to The Lord Ebbisham, G.B.E., hon. treasurer to Barnardo's Homes, 18–26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

A TRAGEDY OF ISOLATION

The deaf and dumb make a pathetic appeal at all times, and especially at Christmas ; they can neither hear nor utter the good wishes that mean so much at this season. The Royal Association in aid of the Deaf and Dumb brings comfort, material and spiritual, to over 5,000 within its jurisdiction. The secretary, Mr. Graham W. Simes, 413, Oxford Street, London, W.1, will gratefully acknowledge any donation.

THE DAWN OF HOPE

A message and tonic of hope have been brought to many thousands of sufferers by the Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road. Patients know that gathered here under one roof are men who have devoted their genius to the conquest of cancer. The most skilful treatment, the most expensive and up-to-date equipment are ready to alleviate or to cure their distress. The latest effort of the Cancer Hospital has been the construction of a new wing comprising a new radiological department and accommodation for patients who can contribute towards their cost. This new wing, which will make the Cancer Hospital possibly the largest of its kind in the world, has cost, with equipment, £150,000 ; approximately £70,000 is still required. Will you please send a donation or subscription to-day to the secretary, the Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London.

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

At the end of 1930 the Royal Northern Hospital was faced with a maintenance debt of over £53,000, and it is feared that this tremendous figure will have been still further increased by the end of the year. The district immediately surrounding the hospital is very badly affected by unemployment, and the payments made for out-patient treatment have decreased to an alarming extent. In many instances patients who in the past have contributed small sums towards their treatment now find it absolutely impossible to contribute anything at all. During the past year St. David's Wing for private patients has been opened. It provides sixty-five beds in private rooms, with separate operating theatres for the wing, private sitting-rooms and sun-rooms, completely equipped for the benefit of middle-class patients needing the facilities available at hospital, and who can meet the cost of their maintenance.

WAIFS AND STRAYS

This notable Society has 4,700 children on its lists, all of whom are motherless and fatherless, all of whom would be destitute save for this institution's efforts. Every one of the 4,700 appeals for a donation to be sent to Dr. Westcott (secretary), The Waifs and Strays Society, Kennington, S.E.11.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

No slowing down of the work of this Institution is possible where there are so many boys and girls in danger of stranding during the present heavy weather in industrial affairs. The large towns and cities contribute most of the personnel to the Homes and the Ship, and it is also their duty to contribute in the same ratio to the funds. Boys in the *Arethusa* are trained as efficient sailors, and at the Homes the boys are taught various trades, and the girls learn household duties, all later being found good situations. Without this timely assistance thousands of the young would drift hopelessly. The address to which all gifts should be sent is 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

When you sit down to your Christmas Dinner

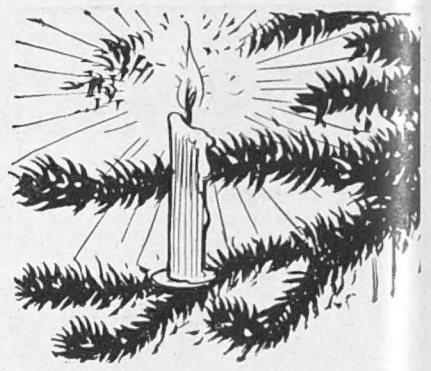
you will be all the happier if you can feel that some poor family is thinking of you with gratitude.

Good parcels of food and fare, bought on favourable terms in large quantities, and sufficient to last over the Christmas period, are being distributed to really deserving families by the Church Army. Will *you* pay for one or more?

£5 will pay for TEN **10/-** will pay for ONE

Please send your gift to-day to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary,

THE CHURCH ARMY
55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.



IF the tree catches fire—

all will have been in vain. And so with a young life. Brought into the world to be cherished and loved, and to brighten the lives of others, its path too often is beset by GRAVE RISKS.

Little children who are denied the natural protection of loving parents or guardians are shielded from NEGLECT, CRUELTY and OTHER EVILS by

THE N.S.P.C.C.

At this time particularly,

when happiness for children is in the minds of all, will you please send a Christmas donation to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, or to the Director, William J. Elliott, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

CHRISTMAS

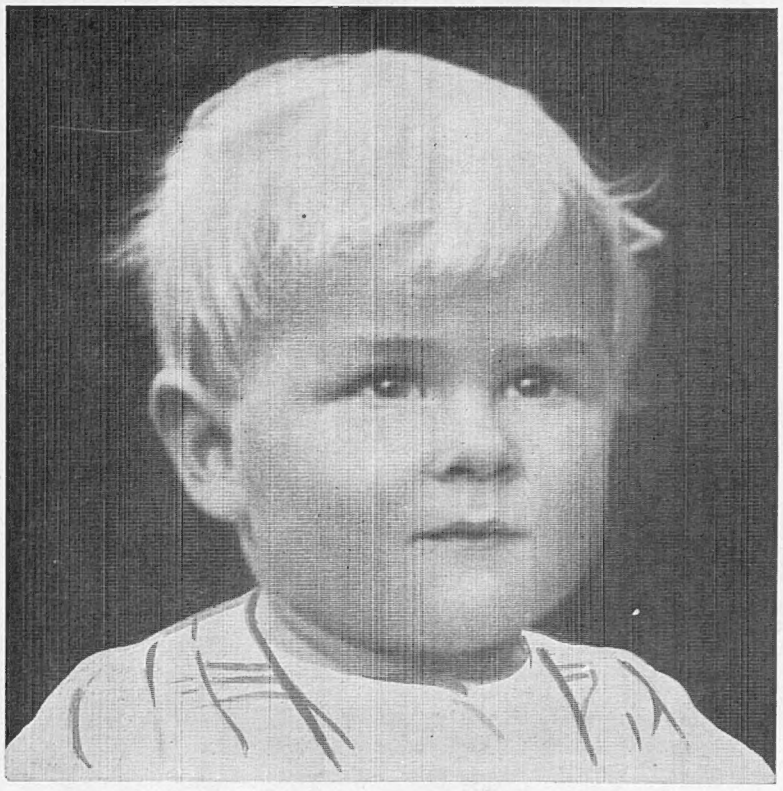
IS THERE ROOM FOR US ?

PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO OUR 4700 LITTLE CHILDREN

THE WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

Dr. WESTCOTT (Secretary), KENNINGTON, S.E.11

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



Will you help this Baby and his brothers and sisters?

8,200
children being supported.

10/-
will feed one child for ten days at the Christmas Season.

Please be Santa Claus to a destitute little one this Christmas.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

THIS CHRISTMASTIDE PLEASE REMEMBER THE

461 Beds
5,406 In-Patients

309,937 Out-Patient Attendances

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

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Plead most earnestly for immediate funds, to feed, clothe and educate the **1,100** children in the various Homes and Training Ship "Arethusa."

Subscriptions and Donations show a heavy falling off.

Please Help Us

THE CHILDREN WILL THANK YOU

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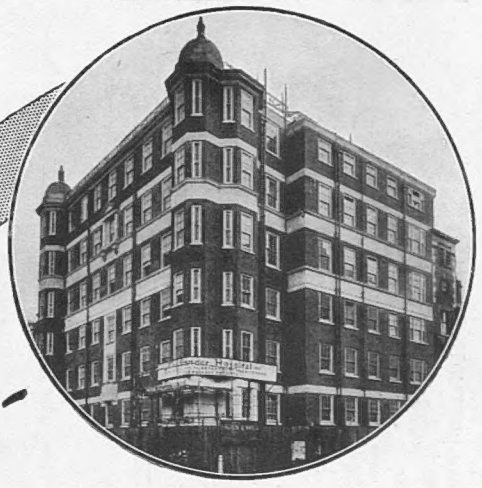
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

THIS CHRISTMAS

Please Help-



The illustration above is the new wing of The Cancer Hospital built at a cost of £150,000, and comprises a Radiological Department and accommodation for "Middle-income" Patients who can contribute towards their cost.

A message of tonic and hope has been brought to many thousands of sufferers by The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London.

Patients know that gathered here under one roof are men who have devoted their genius to the conquest of Cancer.

The most skilful treatment, the most expensive and up-to-date equipment are ready to alleviate or to cure their distress.

Poor patients are admitted free and a certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

Will you please show your appreciation of the work by sending a Special Christmas Donation to the Secretary,

The Cancer Hospital (FREE)

FULHAM RD. LONDON, S.W.3

Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand, W.C. *Secretary: J. Courtney Buchanan, C.B.E.*

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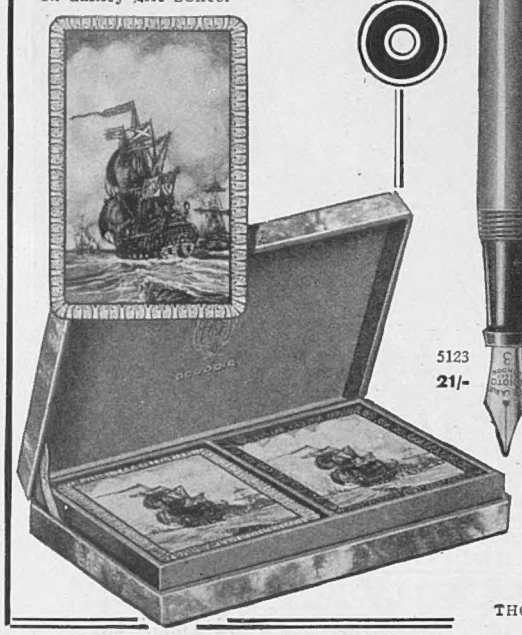

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MACFARLANE LANG.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Dainty Finger Shortbread (thick)

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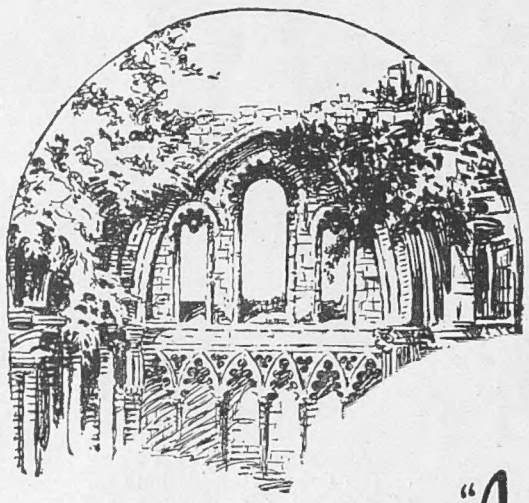
ASSORTED SHORTBREAD
Dainty pieces thick plain and thin sugared shortbread.



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The "Antiquary"

The First Old Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY

CHRISTMAS—THE TIME OF GOODWILL
Nothing will prove your goodwill better than offering your friends something better. Something they can instantly appreciate as supreme in flavour, mellowness and mature perfection —The "ANTIQUARY."

Should you have difficulty in obtaining supplies, write for name and address of the nearest agent, to—

Make it Your Home Whisky

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 5, 1931

THE OPENING OF THE BURMA ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE

Miss May Oung, the only Woman Delegate, Speaks on Behalf of her Nation

The burning question of Burma, which is demanding separation from India, is now receiving Government attention in the popular form of a Round-Table Conference. This picture was taken during the speech of Miss May Oung, the only woman delegate, who typifies the charming femininity of her race. The delegates were welcomed by the Prince of Wales. The Conference, which was inaugurated in the King's Robing Room in the House of Lords, presented a vivid pageant of sartorial magnificence

A London New

SITTING OUT ON THE STAIRS: An unposed picture caught at St. Andrew's Night Ball at the Wildernesse Country Club, Seal, Sevenoaks. This is one of the most popular of minor Little Season celebrations and annually attracts a distinguished gathering. Decorations are worn, but the atmosphere is pleasantly informal

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 2, 1931.

A BETTER SPIRIT.—In both Houses last week a spirit of friendliness, good sense, and a desire to co-operate were in evidence. Especially was this welcome change seen in debates on Manchuria, the Imperial Conference, and in comments on the Government's proposals to help agriculture. The Government's earnest determination this time to prepare its brief and to clear the ground in advance of the Ottawa Conference so as to achieve a real measure of success, and to remove the reproach of the late Government's flabbiness, was impressed on all, and was accepted as a justification of the date of the Conference and of the outlay on Mr. Thomas's since cancelled tour. Latest happenings in the Australian Parliament suggest the possibility of political events in England repeating themselves over there, and if such is the case the chance of success for a really sound and stable Imperial economic union will be enormously enhanced. In any case Mr. Scullin's defeat makes highly undesirable any earlier date than July for this important Conference. Meanwhile Mr. Bennett and Mr. Bruce have by chance been in residence in the mile radius of Whitehall. The Manchurian business inevitably drags on though fighting has died down; for the League's policy, as Sir John Simon pointed out, must be strict impartiality pending the slow process of a neutral commission's investigation and findings. For that very reason, while the co-operation of the U.S. is earnestly desired, utter impartiality is the first necessity in that co-operation. The whole business is like watching a big fire round a powder factory.

An ideal "dear to the heart" of Lord Snowden is going the way of all flesh and of 70 per cent. of Parliament's time and energy. The land-tax valuation is to be dropped. While values are non-existent, such labours are a million thrown away. Heaven knows how many millions were lost to this country when the measure was being debated during those vital weeks last summer.

France roared her approval when M. Laval declared the age-old policy of that land of grasping peasants: "we will accept no reduction in what is due to us, except to the extent which we are forgiven what is due from us." His words read like an impious travesty of a paragraph of the Lord's Prayer, and a cold douche fell on the flickering ideal of forgiveness and a new understanding among the nations. My eye turned from this melancholy paragraph to a still more depressing snapshot of the poor old Duke of Connaught, butchered to make a British holiday, gloomily quarter-decking among the upturned fishing-boats along Sidmouth's narrow and deserted strand. His villa on the Riviera calls to him in vain, the casinos are shuttered, and the depreciated gold of the mad English milord is no longer lining the worsted stockings of Jean and Marie. Perhaps if the old Duke had not made that fine, patriotic, and sacrificial gesture France had not roared her approval so loud. Everywhere, but nowhere so much as in France, politics is spelt pockets. Hence M. Flandin's surprising visit to our Bargain Counter, after shooting.

THE STATUTE OF WESTMINSTER.—I could not altogether appreciate the importance *per se* which Parliament attached to the Statute of Westminster in its passage into law. The House of Commons ceased, except in theory, to be an Imperial Parliament years ago. The powers which it claimed over Dominion Parliaments it has never of late years dreamed of exercising should occasion arise. The Dominions, moreover, have for some time exercised a right to negotiate direct agreements with foreign Powers. What worried the House last week was not the fact that custom concretes into law and always has done. It saw danger in the third provision of the Statute which sets out in black and white that a Dominion law shall not become void if it runs contrary to a law of the United Kingdom. Rampant Imperialists saw in this clause a loophole through which recalcitrant units of our Commonwealth could shuffle out of treaties entered into with the mother country. The treaty establishing the Irish Free State was the cited danger which Mr. Cosgrave's remarkable letter disposed of. As to that, one can only point out that no amount of law-making can make dishonour impossible. Legislation imposes sanctions on those who commit it, and only those sanctions are yet effective which can be implemented by force. It takes two to make a treaty, and a treaty can only be broken (without breach of trust and dishonour) by consent of both parties to it. The Statute of Westminster, in all its provisions, neither alters nor establishes the well-known fact that our Empire, once so-called, is a commonwealth of equal nations, voluntarily united for protection and trade, and acknowledging a common link or symbol in the Crown.

THE PRINCE'S FAVOURITE SPORT.—There are not many experiences that modern life offers which the Prince of Wales has not tasted, and, in the sphere of games and sports, golf is entitled to boast that it has held him longest and closest. Of late he has been playing a good deal of golf, and playing extremely well. He has taken ever since the War endless pains with golf, has sat indefatigably at the feet of famous masters, notably José Jurado, and though he will now probably never be a scratch player, he may still lower his already respectable handicap, and not seldom plays to-day a number of holes like a 2 or 3 handicap man. The list of sports which he has ardently embraced grows with the years. At Oxford, he liked running above all, and took up riding under Major Cadogan's tuition during his second year. That led to hunting, which he deserted largely for point-to-point riding, which he reluctantly abandoned at the time of the King's illness. I do not myself credit the rumour that he will again take up hunting in the shires regularly and seriously. The visit to East Africa at that time created an enthusiasm for big game hunting, and that led him to prefer big game photography, a thrill which he would undoubtedly take up again if he could spare the time for another African tour. Scatter gun shooting he never cared wildly for, though he enjoys a few winter covert shoots in Windsor Park and an occasional grouse drive at Balmoral. Cricket he never took to, nor lawn tennis, but at squash he became a proficient, and still plays a great deal in London. Speed boating is his latest summer thrill—Virginia Water is handy to the Fort—and always and at all seasons golf remains first favourite and ever new.

THE TWO NICOLSONS.—To keep abreast of modern thought is my duty and my desire. So I bought a copy of Sir Oswald Mosley's political organ, *Action*, and read some of it. There are two Harold Nicolsons, it seems—Harold Jekyll and Harold Hyde. Harold Jekyll discourses on literature to 2,000,000 middle-class home circles, always restrained, always resolute not to shock, always diluting the Oxford manner to suit the palate of his audience. He is genteel even when he is recommending D. H. Lawrence; he is pleasantly modest when he is recommending his wife's excellent books. He is what every listening British matron would wish her son to be. But Harold Hyde, editor of *Action*, is quite another person, a person whom the great middle class could not approve and whom I cannot forbear to pity. His front page carried a quite disgusting attack of the rude schoolboy type—by Sir Oswald—on the Premier. It was a lamentable effusion which an editor with the minimum of literary taste would wish to blue pencil. For it is kicking below the belt in an exact sense. Strange that a man of undoubted ability should fall back on such puerilities. But Harold Hyde wields no blue pencil. On the contrary, he pillories on his own page Edward the Peacemaker—that hero of the middle classes—as an ill-mannered, gross and vulgar and likeable lobster salad. King Edward's son reigns in England, but kings are fair game in *Action*. Do any of his 10,000,000 listeners read *Action?* I hope not, I think not. For *Action* speaks very disrespectfully of another middle-class idol—Gilbert and Sullivan. Oxford cynicism and the Oxford manner are expensive luxuries.

"DIVVERS."—A massive silver cigarette case, inscribed within, still adorns my chimney-piece after a quarter century of use. It was presented to me by a little forlorn hope of my Oxford friends—rowing blues, cricketers, and even scholars—who, having thrice failed to satisfy the examiners in "Divvers," came to me in their trouble. I arranged a programme. Every evening for one strenuous week we met in my room for coffee, followed by half-an-hour's intensive "spotting" or coaching in Divinity, followed by a five-hours' bout of poker. (I was amply repaid without the cigarette case!) In Divvers I was the prince of spotters. The examiners in my time were nuts on Agag and Agabus, and drew a clear distinction between King Saul and Paul Saul. My class of failures got through complete with honours, and we celebrated at the Clarendon. If this should catch the eye of any of my Doctors of Divinity, they will bear witness that their Doctor of Divination speaks truth. And now "Divvers" has gone, with Euclid and powdered footmen and claret and long Sunday luncheons and church parades and Sunday afternoon calls and, it seems, the Dickens spirit at Christmas. Only the Lord Mayor's Show persists. Truly I realize I was born too soon.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND ECONOMY.—December is a long month, but January comes at last—with longer days, snowdrops, and—75 per cent. of the year's income-tax. No wonder the still, small voice of the parent is being raised against the crushing costs of public school education, with that crippling burden of extras in the way of caps, colours, calf-bound school books, and so forth—all brand new. I have a martyr for a friend who is enjoying the experience of three sons overlapping at a very famous, ancient public school. He reckons that the school year (that is, half a year) costs him over £1,000—and he has other children, budding daughters who, of course, must be finished in Paris, with a roving commission to Florence, Munich, and Rome. He reckons to get father and daughter "finished" for a single inclusive fee. Let us dismiss the daughters with a stiff verdict that

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this foreign finishing fashion has become vulgar and runs counter to the "Buy British" slogan. Civilization is no longer divided into water-tight compartments. We must really buy our daughters a British education for the next few years. After all, Europe's pictures and works of art come to London now and so do Europe's music makers. As for the public schools, I hope that the cry of the fathers will wake in headmasters some sense of alarm or of prudence. After the War public schools throve and became arrogant. Waiting lists swelled and so did scholastic heads.

But a note of anxiety is creeping in and house-masters pipe in a lower key. And now they must begin at long last to handle the axe in earnest. The sacrifice is universal, and our sons must do their share. An organized "pound" or library of school books is an obvious reform, already in force at Eton. School books are seldom referred to after school days and should be returned to store. No new boy takes much pride in school books. He would much rather inherit the tattered relics (complete with marginal "aids") of some departed giant; and a premium on care of "library" school books could be usefully devised. As for caps, blazers, and colours, middle-aged men do not forget that first rapture of putting on a new "cap"—no rapture in later years equals it—but the day of velvet and silver tassels and the appalling expense of promotion in a single year from third to first eleven or fifteen is past and over. It is perfectly easy to devise a uniform school cap and other garments which could be distinguished by badges of uniform shape, but of varied devices which could be substituted with needle and cotton. These are two of many instances. It is up to the public schools to recognize danger in the cry of the fathers. Eton is leading the way.

THE JUDGE AND THE CRIMINAL.—Sponsored by a London magistrate, edited by a London journalist, given to the world by Mr. Grant Richards, the frank and full confessions of an incurable criminal have given me a new notion of the hidden life of Soho. Film fittings, cheap dresses and restaurants are only minor industries in that locality. Charles Brooks, criminal, in *Underworld* by Trevor Allen, paints a picture of the crime-life of Soho which positively takes your breath away. This book is not mere sensationalism, it is devoid of sickly sentiment, vainglory, vanity, and patent inaccuracy. Its war chapters are fit for *Blackwood's*. Its worst chapters are stark and hideous in their frankness. There is nothing viler than the glorification of crime. But *Underworld*, I confess, has a curious appeal, a strange fascination. No wonder we send our best men to Scotland Yard. Small wonder if a murder in Soho periodically convulses the town. No wonder that Mr. Justice McCardie solemnly warned the public that serious crime is so fast increasing that severer sentences must be imposed and flogging resorted to. Mr. Brooks, the criminal, dissents. He pleads for greater tolerance and humanity in dealing with his peccadilloes.

THE FIFTH ARMY.—The Fifth Army's conduct in the March retreat with that of its commander is vindicated in General Gough's now published book. All these vindications by War leaders make depressing reading. Either they prove that there was gross injustice done to a fine soldier or else they enhance and underline the incompetence of a bungler. The higher command and the politicians have not seldom been guilty of hideous injustice—often due to moral cowardice—to trusted War leaders. And illustrious soldiers have often proved incompetent bunglers. Either alternative makes tragic reading. I "enjoyed" the retreat as a member of the Fifth Army. For long months before that tragic day in March, the least observant private realized the dangers and saw the nakedness of the land. We knew we were "for" it, we knew the state of our defences, we guessed the haziness of the G.H.Q. plan and the dearth of reserves. We were all sorry for "Goughy"—albeit Passchendaele had unfairly bestowed on him the title of a hard master—even in February. We believed he was being asked to make bricks without straw. Even after the retreat the Fifth Army possessed a number of interested survivors to make the burking of an inquiry into the General's conduct highly impolitic. There were thousands of us who knew too much as the reunion dinner in 1932 will prove. THE OLD STAGER.

M. FLANDIN GOES SHOOTING: The French Finance Minister was the guest over the week-end of Sir Gomer Berry at Farnham Common, near Slough. M. Flandin appeared *en grande tenue de sport* with dazzling brown boots to which he pointed when taxed with journalistic questions as to any underlying purpose of his visit. M. Flandin, however, dined with Sir John Simon, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and Mr. Walter Runciman, on Sunday, before returning to France. It has, however, been remarked that the visit followed upon the hint of emergency tariff legislation

ICE SKATING NOW THE RAGE: The Duke and Duchess of York present at the fancy-dress ice carnival held at the Queen's Ice Skating Club last week. The Duchess, who wore an ermine coat, was keenly interested in an amateur girl skaters' ballet. It will be recalled that the Prince of Wales made his first public appearance in the Little Season at the ice carnival at Grosvenor House. The craze for this sport is widespread; various attempts to popularize it after the War proved abortive until some eighteen months ago, when it caught on like wildfire

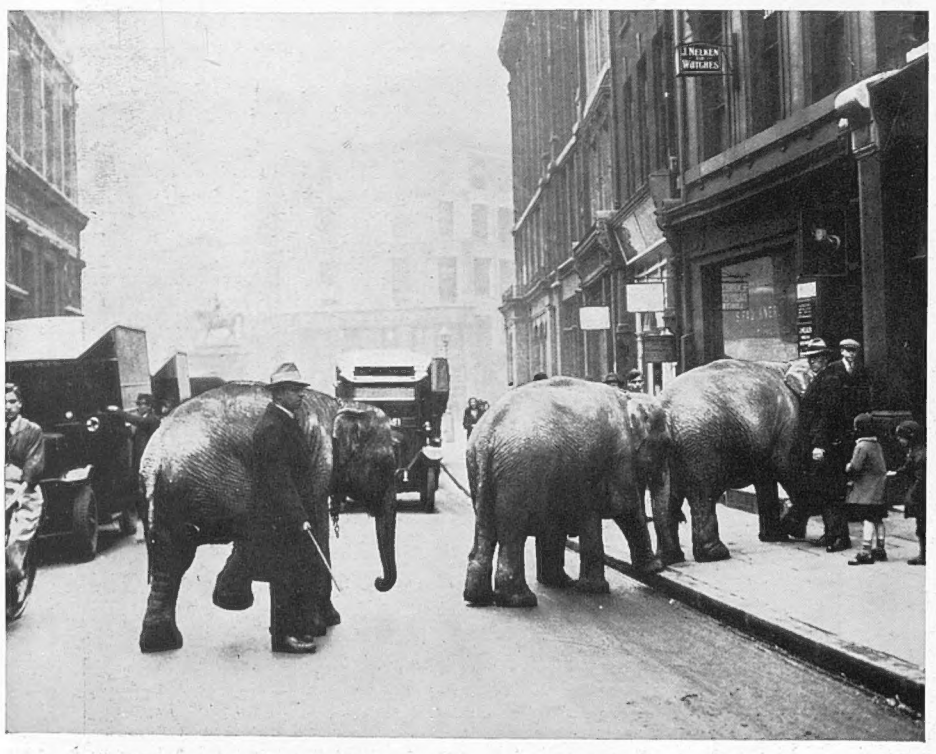
THE MONKEY CLUB is a remarkable organization for London women. Members study mathematics or metaphysics in the morning; learn cooking and dress-making in the afternoon; entertain a diversity of folk to afternoon tea, and probably finish the day with an excursion to the East End. A group of members of the Monkey Club is seen listening to an address by Lord Brentford ("Jix") on the life and duties of a Home Secretary

METROPOLITAN

A Survey of London Events, and the St. Andrew's Day Gala at Eton

THE SCOTS DINNER TO THE PREMIER: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, with his daughter, Miss Ishbel MacDonald, welcomes the guests at the Connaught Rooms. Some 700 guests, mainly North Britons, assembled under the presiding genius of Lord Elgin, and these included the Primate, Sir J. M. Barrie, Lord Dunmore, Lady Snowden, Lord and Lady Huntly, Lord Inchcape, Sir John Lavery, the Aga Khan, and Colonel John Buchan, M.P.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON: A master calls "Absence"—the Etonian roll call. The great function of St. Andrew's Day is, of course, the Wall Game between Collegers and Oppidans which, for the third successive occasion, resulted in a pointless tie. The Field Game between Oxford and Cambridge *alumni* resulted in a Dark Blue victory—one sport in which Cambridge have not scored since the War!



JUMBO GOES CHRISTMAS SHOPPING! One of the more amusing incidents of metropolitan life was witnessed when three elephants plodded heavily across Hatton Garden and entered a shop door. This was the entrance to Gamages, in whose Christmas circus the beasts are scheduled to appear

THE DRAGON GOES ALOFT: The huge weather vane at St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside—the church of "Bow Bells"—has just been hoisted to the summit of the spire whence it had been removed in connection with reconstruction work. A fine misty vista of the City dominated by St. Paul's appears above

"DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES?" Youthful actors in pantomime are now hard at work practising for the Yuletide productions. This group was taken at Madame Lillie's studio—a famous school for the fairies in whom even materialists believe!

TWO CITIES of DREADFUL NIGHT

London and Paris Obscured in Fog which Turned High Noon into Dusk in Some Areas and Midnight in Others

"CAVERNS MEASURELESS TO MAN": A scene at London Bridge where floodlights and the fog combined to realize Coleridge's famous line. The work of unloading cargoes was successfully carried on, however, by means of artificial light

BUSINESS AS USUAL—BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT! A scene on London Bridge and a vista in Aldwych when the fog was at its worst. The traffic in the environs of London was totally disorganized over the week-end, many cars being stranded for hours

WHEN NOON IS NIGHT: A scene on the Embankment during the two days' fog of this week when traffic was seriously disorganized. Even the trams were unable to maintain their schedule, so dense was the fog

MIRROR OF DARKNESS: Trafalgar Square during the first great fog of the current winter. The ancient and traditional "pea-soupers" are things of the past, but the palls of darkness of the present day prove quite serious enough to make life difficult!

PEA-SOUP PARISIEN! Boulevard Montmartre during Paris's emulation of London, when King Fog made a totally successful raid into a country he seldom invades. Paris is usually pleasantly free from weather of this kind

PARIS—NOT LONDON: The rue Lafayette during the fog that enveloped the French capital a few days ago. Traffic—traditionally a maelstrom in Paris, although lately it has been greatly improved—reverted to its ancient type

THE MENACE OF IDLE HANDS

The Recent Disturbances in Various Centres All Form Part and Parcel of a Definite Programme Organized by the Tyrannical Red Dictatorship in Moscow, whose Diverse Methods of Attack on the Empire are Detailed Below

By J. BAKER WHITE

Revolutionaries throughout the ages have always fished in troubled waters, and the leaders of the Communist International in Moscow are no exception to the rule. Unemployment, hunger, and distress are their best friends, and so the world-wide crisis of the past few months has provided a wonderful opportunity for Red agitation. The processions that took place recently in Fulham, at Shepherds Bush, at Camden Town, and elsewhere, when the demonstrators came into conflict with the police, were no chance happenings. They were not spontaneous outbursts of discontent. They were all part of a definite plan, drawn up by the strategists of the Communist International in Moscow, and put into action by their agents in Britain.

The Bolshevist leaders knew that the present crisis was coming; the Foreign Section of the Ogpu, the secret police, keeps them well informed, and so back in the summer they started to make plans. Prominent Communist leaders from various European countries paid hurried visits to Moscow. On July 24 a secret conference of the Western European Bureau of the Communist International, the body responsible for directing revolutionary activity in Britain and Western Europe, was held in London. It was attended by Red leaders from France, Poland, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, and, of course, Britain. This conference discussed the world situation; it decided that the time for an intensification was ripe; it was agreed that Britain was the most important sphere of activity, and that the greatest attention should be paid to the unemployed, and to soldiers and sailors. This was the first step in the campaign that is being worked out before our eyes to-day.

The second step was taken in the delightful old-world city of Prague in August. Brought together by orders from Moscow, Communists from Britain, Germany, France, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Austria, Holland, Scandinavia, Bulgaria, and Belgium met and formed what is known in Red circles to-day as the "Prague Conference on Unemployment." The purpose of this Conference was not to seek for methods to alleviate the distress of the unemployed in this or other countries. It was to plan campaigns to exploit the unemployed for purposes of Red agitation, to use them as cannon fodder in the war that has troubled the world for fourteen years, the war of Bolshevism on "Capitalism." The discussions at the Conference centred round one main theme, the best methods of getting the unemployed on to the streets and bringing them into conflict with the police. The sentiments of the delegates may be summed up in the words so beloved of all revolutionaries, "To the Barricades."

After this Conference Moscow issued categorical instructions for agitation amongst employed and unemployed workers in this country. They were as follows:

> "Only the revolutionary labour movement, which has set itself the aim of overthrowing the capitalist order, can consistently lead the struggle of the masses of the unemployed. In the coming winter the unemployed movement will be faced with the greatest tasks. The Parties (Communist Parties) and the trade union organizations must at once start to organize the broadest mass resistance, the common struggle of the unemployed and the factory workers, and to increase the movement during the winter to powerful demonstrations. We have to mobilize and organize the unemployed. We must not, however, confine ourselves to demands on a national scale; local partial demands must be elaborated in every locality, at every labour exchange, and the struggle conducted for their realization. In addition to demonstrations, which constitute the most important form of the unemployed struggle, the unemployed must organize mass meetings, hunger marches, mass delegations to public bodies, mass petition campaigns, linked up with the mobilization for action, influencing town councils by mass participation in their meetings, the fight against evictions."

These were Moscow's orders. The demonstrations and disorders that have taken place in London and elsewhere, led by the Communist-controlled National Unemployed Workers' Movement, are the result. The disorderly scenes that took place in various parts of London last Friday week are examples of the "struggle" for "local partial demands." The demonstrations that have taken place in Hyde Park recently are the "mass meetings" ordered by Moscow; the march through the streets of Glasgow which ended in a serious outbreak of rioting and looting was a "hunger march" in practice; the march to the County Hall and the recent attempt to raid the Public Assistance Committee offices at Shoreditch, "mass delegations to public bodies"; and the recent rent strike in Fulham part of "the fight against evictions." In short, the attempts that have been made and are being made every day to exploit the national crisis are part of Moscow's world-wide plan to destroy Britain. There is a very direct connection between the attack on a police officer in Fulham and the schemes in the offices of the Communist International in Moscow.

A study of the composition of these "Red" processions is interesting and illuminating. Having attended these demonstrations in various parts of London, in Sheffield, Glasgow, and Liverpool during the past two months, I am fully convinced that but few of the *genuine* unemployed take part in them. Conversations with unemployed men and their wives in various parts of the country have shown that they have no time for the "Reds." Members of the Communist Party and sympathizers form the nuclei of these demonstrations, styling themselves the "organized unemployed" under the banner of the National Unemployed Workers' Movement.

This body needs some explanation. It is nothing more nor less than a subsidiary organization of the Communist Party, and its officials are members of the Communist Party or the Minority Movement. What may be described as the "Red general staff" directly responsible for "unemployed agitation" consists of Sidney Elias, who has been an active agitator in South Wales and on the Tyneside, Emrys Llewellyn, and Wal Hannington, who organized the first unemployed riots and hunger marches in this country.

From his appearance, Red agitation has suited Hannington's physical being. In the middle thirties, he shows no signs of the starvation and privation that he talks about so much. Of ample build, he is an untiring but yet uninspiring orator. He delights in taunting the police, and seems almost disappointed when trouble occurs and he is not arrested. His attitude towards the unemployed may be summarized in his own words: "The unemployed are a seething mass of discontent. We must harness their discontent and guide and direct them in the struggle for the overthrow of capitalism and for the establishment of Communism." This utterance does not seem to show any sympathy with the unemployed; it is merely a reiteration of Moscow's "cannon fodder" policy.

The nuclei are able to collect round them various elements to make up the processions. They get individual Communists from other districts—I have seen Whitechapel tailoring workers in demonstrations at St. Pancras; they attract the riff-raff that can always be found in any great city; extremists who hang about the Labour Exchanges, and irresponsible youths, tragedies of the dole system, idle since their school days. The Reds form them into processions, teach them slogans which they chant mechanically, propagate them with speeches, feed them with literature. The real Reds start the trouble, the remainder are in it almost before they know what is happening.

The Reds also encourage them to arm themselves with weapons "to protect themselves against the police." These "weapons" are of the

FINGERS OF THE RED HAND: *The crowd in Museum Square during the recent riots. The genuine unemployed scarcely participate in such activities, which are entirely Moscow-bred*

THE RED FLAG FALLS TO THE MAN IN BLUE! *A skirmish between Communists and police in Holborn when the so-called "Unemployed"—i.e. Moscow-organized Communists—tried to march to Bow Street*

20,000 REDS PARADE IN GLASGOW: *An autumn demonstration in which a suspended M.P. participated. Traffic was totally disorganized by the two-mile-long procession of dupes of Russia*

REDS GET THE BLUES! *Demonstrators in the recent Oxford Street* fracas *taken in the paternal charge of the police. Britain never martyrizes the agitators and extends even more lenience to their unfortunate dupes*

MANCHESTER REDS GET SHORT SHRIFT: *An arrest effected in Salford during the recent demonstration which developed into a minor riot. Maintenance of order ranks as Capitalist tyranny to a Communist!*

LAW *VERSUS* LAWLESSNESS: *Women Communists arrested by the police during the abortive march on Bow Street—whither the Reds ultimately found their way!—One of the latest Moscow efforts*

kind dear to revolutionaries—heavy sticks, life preservers, pieces of lead piping and rubber tubing, stones and bottles, and milk bottles to break and throw under the hooves of the police horses. Not long ago the Red organizers equipped some of the demonstrators with long staves, but these were removed by the police. It was while this was being done that a demonstrator struck a police horse and blinded it in one eye.

Watching these demonstrations, but not taking part in them, one finds the Red intelligentsia, pale youths and hatless girls, fresh from the Universities, with whom Communism is an infantile disorder. Watching also are one or two unobtrusive gentlemen who send the really accurate reports to Moscow. They have to see if the money is being properly spent.

Communist agitation at present is centred on the Labour Exchanges. Activity amongst the unemployed will tend to increase as the winter draws on, and no effort will be spared to cause as much trouble as possible. But the campaign will be carried to the factories, mines and workshops as well, for Moscow has ordered that the "greatest importance must be attached to those forms of struggle which link up the unemployed movement with the fight of the factory workers." Efforts will be made to organize sectional strikes, "stay-in strikes" and "go-slow" movements.

Here other Red agitators will play their part. Leading, Harry Pollitt, one of the most capable "Reds" in the country, a clever speaker with complete control over his crowd, and an able organizer, possessing—what is strange in the Communist ranks—personality and a certain charm of manner. To assist him there is the staff of the Minority Movement, full-time Red agitators, not a few of whom have been through the Lenin School in Moscow.

This school is an interesting institution. In its class-rooms are to be found Red agitators from all over the world receiving instructions from expert teachers in the technique of Revolution.

Every now and again one of the Red leaders in this country disappears for a period. It can generally be taken as certain that he has been called to Moscow to take a "refresher" course in the Lenin School, to learn the latest methods devised for establishing Red "cells" in the factories and to be inculcated with new slogans and propaganda.

Dockers, seamen, railway workers, miners, and textile workers will receive special attention from the industrial agitators in the next few weeks.

Trade revival does not suit the Communist cause, so no efforts will be spared to interrupt the smooth working of the industrial machine. It is true that the membership of the Communist party is small, though it has gained 3,000 new recruits in the past three months, but numerical strength is not so important. It is the influence one Red or a group of Reds can exert on their fellow workers. The Communist party has but few members in Dundee, but in the Election the party candidate, Bob Stewart, polled over 10,000 votes.

There are other Red organizations at work in the country each fulfilling different functions. There is the International Labour Defence, which organizes support for "class-war prisoners" and arranges for legal aid for Communists when they come into court. The International Labour Defence was formerly known as the I.C.W.P.A., the British branch of the International Red Aid. This body has a significant rôle, other than that of defence and aid. According to a document sent from Moscow, it "is of extremely great importance to the Party in the event of the Party becoming illegal. If it is correctly directed, and maintains its non-party character it is likely to remain legal during periods when the Party could not remain legal." This gives a little insight into Moscow's secret organization with its undergound activities.

The League against Imperialism is responsible for carrying out "colonial agitation," and has, like all other Red bodies, extensive international connections. It is directed by one of the most curious personalities in the Red Movement, R. F. O. Bridgeman. A former Foreign Office official, with a brilliant record, awarded the C.M.G. and the M.V.O., he is now running an organization which has as its aim the destruction of our Colonial Empire! I saw him on several occasions while he was standing as "Workers' Candidate" at Uxbridge in the election, and he seemed out of place among his proletarian friends. "Comrades and fellow workers," the inevitable opening of a Red speech, did not seem to come easily from his lips.

Another member of the "intelligentsia," Ivor Montagu, is in charge of the Friends of the Soviet Union. This organization carries on "cultural" propaganda, designed to convince people that Russia is a "workers' paradise." It produces an artistic monthly paper, arranges delegations to Russia, and its speakers penetrate into "bourgeois" societies and discussion circles. "Cultural" propaganda is also carried on by the Workers' Theatre Movement and the Workers' Film Movement, which arranges exhibitions of Soviet films.

None of these bodies suffer from any shortage of funds, and each produces its own journal, which does not find the absence of advertisement revenue an embarrassment. For the "workers" there is *The Daily Worker*. For the "intelligentsia" there is *The Labour Monthly*, *The Communist Review*, *The Anti-Imperialist Review*, *Russia To-day*, *The Red Stage*, and *The Worker's Cinema*. There are also adequate funds to run several Red bookshops in London and the provinces and to produce large quantities of leaflets.

Thus is Moscow striking a direct blow at Britain, but the campaign is world-wide. We have evidence of what has been happening in Ireland. Communists have been working in contact with the Irish Republican Army and other organizations, such as the Cumann na M-Ban, in a conspiracy against the State. They established the Saor Eire (Free Ireland) movement, and other bodies such as the Friends of Soviet Russia, the Irish Labour Defence League, and the Workers' Research Bureau, which are the Irish counterparts of the Friends of the Soviet Union, the International Labour Defence, and the Labour Research Department in Britain. Should any further evidence be required of the co-operation between the Irish Republican organizations and the Communists it is furnished by a letter sent to Aitken Ferguson, the Communist candidate at Greenock in the election. It concluded with this sentence. "We look for the support of every Irish man and woman in our fight at home . . . by giving full support to the Communist candidates at the elections." It was signed, "Yours for a Red Greenock, J. Murphy, president; J. McCullan, secretary; B. McWilliams. Derry and Antrim Revolutionary Workers' Groups." The Free State Government has taken drastic steps to deal with what Mr. Cosgrave called "the advocate with a gun in his hand" by means of the Constitution Amendment Bill. Action against the Red conspirators has been taken already with salutary results.

In Canada, too, evidence has come to light of a Red conspiracy planned and directed by Moscow. Tim Buck and other Communist leaders have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment, and the Communist Party has been declared illegal. In South Africa there is definite evidence of the activity of agitators among the natives. Again there is proof that they get their orders and their funds from the Communist International. In India terrorism is rife. Some of the revolutionaries style themselves "Pioneers," and wear red shirts. Their banners too are red, and on them is the Soviet emblem of the hammer and sickle. One thing must never be forgotten about India. In the days of the Tsars the dream of the army leaders was India a Russian State. The Red Army Council have the same dream to-day. Tashkent, in Asiatic Russia, is a centre of intense military activity. It is also the seat of the School of Oriental Revolution, the training college for the Red agitators of the East.

Tashkent is as near to Peshawar as is Delhi.

In other parts of the Empire, Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere, revolutionaries are at work, conspiring to bring about the downfall of what the Bolshevik leaders know to be the barrier separating them from their goal—world revolution. There are some who would absolve the Soviet Government from responsibility for this world-wide attack on Britain, but their responsibility is proved up to the hilt. Stalin himself has declared that "in all fundamental questions alike of home and foreign policy the Communist Party is the guide," and it is the Russian Communist Party that controls the Third International. And do not the Statutes of this body state that Russia is "the centre of international revolution?"

And so, day after day, the Red campaign goes on. Moscow commands, the Reds and their dupes in this country obey. The N.U.W.M. agitating amongst the unemployed, the Minority Movement busy sowing strife in industry, the cultural movements propagating the intellectuals, the young Communist League roping in youths and girls for Red agitation, the Communist Party directing all these bodies. A policeman is struck down in the performance of his duty at Walham Green, stones are thrown at Shoreditch, a strike takes place at Burnley, a shop is looted in Glasgow. A magistrate is shot in India, shots are fired in Berlin, a bomb explodes in Bulgaria, Reds raid the White House in Washington. Between each and every one of these incidents there is a connection. Each is a blow struck in a war, the existence of which we are slow to recognize, the war of Bolshevism against the world. Moscow has decreed that the Communists must become "the true organizers of civil strife," and "create a revolutionary army for the struggle with Capitalism." These are the orders of the day.

PERSONALITIES

In the Limelight Last Week

HEROINES OF THE AIR: Miss Peggy Salaman (*on left*) is welcomed home by her mother, Mrs. Salaman, after her record-breaking flight to South Africa, whence she brought back two lion cubs; (*on right*) is Miss Amy Johnson, the famous solo flyer to Australia, who sold programmes at the matinée of *Grand Hotel* at the Adelphi Theatre, at which the Duchess of York was present, in aid of the Dockland Settlement

REWARD TO AN EXPERT: Mr. Ramage, a New York student, was awarded, as prize for a thesis on Hotel Management, a trip to Europe and free accommodation at first-class hotels. He is seen above with Mrs. Ramage. After the holiday, Mr. Ramage returns to take a position in an hotel

AT A TRIUMPHANT PREMIÈRE: Miss Lillian Harvey, the English star whose performance on the talkies has won golden opinions on the Continent, was present at the opening of her film, *Congress Dances*, at the Tivoli this week. Miss Harvey's producer, Mr. Erik Charell, is seen in the background. Miss Harvey won her fame in Germany and not, as is the case with most stars, in Los Angeles

THE IDOL OF TWO NATIONS: Kid Berg returns from his U.S. tour which, despite his defeat by Canzoneri for the lightweight title, was a triumph for British boxing and British sportsmanship

THE PENNY-FARTHING BARBER: Mr. O. R. Dietrich of Hatton, Middlesex, who combines the trades of cycle-repairer and barber, visits his customers on a penny-farthing machine and wears a top-hat. The fact that he advertises "bobbing" is something of an anachronism

CAMERA SHY! Mr. and Mrs. Noel Clark, who were married at Benson, Oxon. The bridegroom covered his face with his hat, and the bride bowed her head to avoid showers of confetti

"... AN EXCITING THING TO BE ENGLISH"

THE SCENE OF A SERIOUS FALL: While work on sea-defences was in progress at Roedean, one of the workmen fell from a ledge 100 ft. from the ground and escaped with his life

TO FOLLOW THE LEAD OF ST. KILDA? The island of Foula, off the Shetlands, has broadcast an S O S for supplies owing to the failure—and consequent closing—of their local shop

A DEATHLY HAUL: A torpedo hauled in by a coast-guard and a constable and a layman at Roedean. The projectile providentially proved to be harmless

MAKING CHURCH HISTORY: The Salvation Army marches into Canterbury Cathedral, where General Higgins preached the sermon at Evensong—the first Salvationist to do so

IRELAND'S NEW RIVER SCHEME: A general view of the work at the Cutts, Coleraine, where a £600,000 scheme is in progress to prevent the annual flooding of the Lough Neagh and Bann river basin. On left are the four new sluice gates behind which the old weir wall is being removed

WHERE A "GHOST TRAIN" PASSES: The work of electrifying the Southern Railway line to London is progressing apace, as this picture just outside Redhill Tunnel shows. Periodically a ghost train—*i.e.* an unscheduled train testing the electrification—passes to the intense interest and excitement of the workmen

"NOWELL-NOWELL": Members of the famous Foundling Hospital at Redhill, in their quaint old-world costume of cap and apron, practise their traditional carol-singing. They also helped—another ancient and popular tradition—in making the giant Christmas pudding of the institution

AN INCREDIBLE ESCAPE: The Siskin fighter from No. 1 Fighting Squadron at Tangier in which Flight-Sergeant Scragg crashed at Upwaltham on the South Downs. The machine cut a swath 70 yards long through the wood and finally turned turtle after felling a large tree. The pilot escaped with scratches only

CIVILIZATION IN CORSICA: An aerial view of Ajaccio behind which lies the *maquis* whither the bandits have repaired in the face of the attack launched by the French overlords of the island. The mountain fastnesses are practically impenetrable—especially to tanks!

THE REBEL

A Cross Between Chicago Coercion is a Fair Definition the Crudest of Bandits and Obstruction. The French Insuperable Task, for the

BUILT ON ROCK: Corte, capital of Corsica, displays scenery typical of the island—rocky, wild, impressive, and dramatic. Primitive transport is equally characteristic of the ultra-reactionary island

The first month's yield of the Corsican Expeditionary Force consists of a hundred primitive and *jettatura* hill peasantry in Ajaccio gaol, the suspension of the bandit racket, and the decision radically to minimize the occupation of the central slice of the island. In point of fact, the uniformed descent *en masse*, the warlike note, the restrictions, the spectacular branding, as it were, of a whole island people, the insult contained therein, completely got the natives' backs up; the French were in danger of losing such popularity as they may possess locally. But they are too far committed to draw back now. Prestige and *amour propre* are engaged. The change will be to a rather dull war of attrition of which the newspapers should soon tire (this is hoped for), yet in the wintry course of which the hunted-down ones may well appear increasingly heroic as they just exist in the snow-clad heights, ever moving, their dogs to heel, ever scanning with field-glasses.

This whole business is hardly as straightforward as may appear. There are cross-currents. One sees the following reasons why the French Government acted as it did:

French Law had ceased to run.—For some years now the effect of the bandit racket has been demoralizing in an ever-widening circle. Corsica was becoming a French department mainly in name. Even some local authorities and police flouted the law, "stood in" with the kings of the *maquis*. These were also going into politics. The general tendency was to treat the French connection (*ces gens du continent*) lightly. The island had been getting out of hand; "above itself." The French have not for some time been masters in their own (island) house, nor welcome there.

Fascism.—A certain irredentism has been in the air, fanned by Fascism. Remember that if one may see Corsica once or twice a year from Mt. Agel, Corsicans can see Italy, in the form of Elba, every day. When on the island last year, the most interesting thing I learnt was the existence of a thorough-paced Fascist organization, based on Livorno, and sowing propaganda among the inhabitants, more Italian than French in morals, tradition, custom. Fascist "cells" existed on the island, to which pamphlets and newspapers were smuggled. Corsica ranks high on the list of coveted territory; in the event of a Mediterranean naval war it would emerge as of the utmost strategical importance. A "hands off" warning to Rome, Paris thought, was long overdue; it were high time a firmer grip came to be exercised, that the island be labelled for all to see: This Is France!

The Mafiosi.—Only the other day the last of this Sicilian plague was blotted out. The Mafia was a far, far bigger kettle of fish. The operations lasted four years. Thousands in all stations were rounded up at a loss of 11 killed and 350 wounded. The Mafiosi were aggregately sentenced to 1,500 years' imprisonment. Here lay direct challenge to the Republic. What would people say if these few Corsican bandits were suffered to continue at large! Simply that France was unable to do what Mussolini had so brilliantly accomplished nearby.

Money sunk in Corsica.—Of late years—filled with mad and short-sighted tourist development—much Paris money has gone into roads, hotels, sanitation, transport, modernization of the *Ile de Beauté*. The hotel people considered that foreigners were being kept away by tales of the bandits (my experience is just the reverse), so they joined forces with the Government with a view to stamping things out; among other things putting up £3,000 with the Government for the lord of the *maquis*, Bartoli, dead or alive.

Powerful Corsican Parisians.—May there be a connection between this grandiose adventure in policing and the fact of M. Chiappe, a native of Ajaccio, being in the all-powerful position of Paris chief of police? One might also instance M. Coty, the Paris perfume and Press magnate, who is Mayor of Ajaccio.

To resume: On the psychological side the sending of 1,500 armed men, nearly all ex-N.C.O.s, with a tank, aircraft, armoured cars, m.g. sections, bombs, gas equipment, also the presence of warships, the expedition leading to martial law, *communiqués*, sectors of operations, war correspondents, so much so that the wit, Clément Vautel, prints imaginary bulletins from the front such as—

Ajaccio.—Spada has officially made an offer to surrender. He demands the honours of war and wishes to retire with his faithful adherents to St. Helena, where he proposes to write his "Memorial" for a big American newspaper.

Psychologically, the expedition has been condemned.

It should have been prosecuted much more *en douce*. It smelt of too much money lying about doing nothing. Moreover, there was definitely bad staff work. Not only was the worst weather month, of continuous torrents of rain selected, but how could these modern appliances of war operate in the *maquis*—those stony, tree-clad hills covered with thick, impenetrable brush? For all practical purposes, then, one was back in 1890. Did the organizers remember what happened in that year?

Two companies of infantry and several brigades of *gendarmerie* besieged the brothers Bellacoscia for three months on the Monte d'Oro, up which the brothers would retreat invisibly when pressed. The siege had to be raised. Or, one might resuscitate what happened in 1822. There were then 400 bandits under young Théodore, and civil-clad *voltigeurs* were launched against them. But the majority were unattainable, and in the upshot a way out was found by giving them passports, upon which they left and fought nobly for Greek liberation.

From 1890 down to 1924 one could roughly report "no change" on the bandit front. Vendetta went on. Those who took to the *maquis* considered themselves, and were considered, bandits of honour. I have just been down from this hotel to hear exactly what that signifies from the lips of Spada, the hunted *roi du maquis*. "I do not steal or kill for gain or do a vile thing. I defend my honour and my friends. I have misfortune."

Rather thrilling, sitting there as Spada continues in a torrent of earnest, if foul, French, every word of which you catch. There's a strangled emotion in his voice, a hunted dog pleading to be left alone. It rings so true—that the fellow never wanted to kill but had been driven from one killing to the next. He is affability itself. Yes, he will explain the

SPADA: The greatest of the present bandits—now in full flight

TYPICAL OF HIS RACE: A bandit, though on the run, poses for his picture!

ROMANETTI: The greatest bandit Corsica ever produced

ISLE OF BEAUTY

Under Capone and Ireland During the Era of English of Corsica To-day, where the Heroes of the Nation are ne Populace Pursues a Policy of Nescience and xpeditionary Force is Faced with an Almost landits have Taken to the Impenetrable "Maquis"

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE SCENE OF THE FIRST PUSH: An impression of Zicavo whence the main French attack, comprising a force almost exclusively composed of N.C.O.s, tanks, bombs, m.g. and gas, was launched

AFTERMATH OF BANDITRY: The casino at Ajaccio was set on fire some short time ago—it is alleged by the bandit Bartoli. Even this type of outrage is accepted with equanimity by the natives

usages of his weapons. Here are his two guns, his Browning, his dagger—"for close quarters." He explains at length his crimes. the why and wherefore. In the end he holds the sound-reel man's hand full five minutes, pleading. What a world!

At that moment, you reflect, this man before you is being hunted by an expeditionary force in miniature; he is stalking along from ridge to ridge, sleeping anywhere, his young brother with him, not daring to fire but trapping birds and eating chestnuts. So he may continue all the dreadful winter of the mountains—until the inevitable end. Spada is unlikely to commit suicide; the game is past surrendering; it would be hard for him to die of exposure or exhaustion; some day, somehow, he should either walk into a trap or err by chance into a patrol.

The historic attitude of the natives towards bandits of honour is important. Steeped in superstition, secretive, suspicious to the *n*th degree, and heavily Sinn Fein too, hygienically still in the seventeenth century, the Corsicans have only less distaste for progress than they have for Parisians (*du centre*), and blood is nothing to be frightened about, to recoil from. Their code of family warfare is dying hard; there were still last year some fifty families between whom no armistice had yet been arranged. If a man killed for his female, wed or unwed, or for his sister or brother or friend, or because of gross insult, he was no criminal. But the French said he was. So he had to take to the *maquis*.

There he eked out an existence, always on the alert, sleeping in caves, tramping in his heavy goatskin by day, now asking food or shelter, ever disturbed, trusting few. *Tombé dans le malheur.* Outlawism had not then been organized. If the gendarmes were satisfied to leave the transgressor in his hills, thereby tacitly recognizing the Corsican law of a life for a life or for honour, they saw to it that the fugitive did not come down and flaunt himself in the towns and villages.

Round 1924 things began to assume a different hue. Nonce Romanetti, the island's chief hero since Bonaparte, had taken to the *maquis* for honour, but he had the larger view. He went into farming and earned a yearly income of 100,000 francs from Roquefort cheese, acting through a third party. He was able to grease certain palms. He had his car and frequented the cafés and hotels, sometimes entertaining the police. Outside would be a dozen armed supporters. Romanetti had respect for authority, and would pass the agents of law and order with a merry salute, one hand on his pistol. That was, also, how he paid the tax collector. Then, one day, the police were ordered after him. For long months he defied capture with an automatic rifle. But at last a successful trap was laid at his mountain fastness of La Punta; and Romanetti's grave is never to this day without flowers. He was the true *bandit d'honneur*. the embodiment of Corsican pride, independence, spirit. Why hadn't they left him alone? Here you get a central factor—the impressing of an imported code which the populace did not want.

Romanetti's flash life, his wealth, his automatic, spelt a new chapter in Corsican banditry. His chief lieutenant, André Spada, also went into business, though of a different kind. The racket had come to town via Al Capone. Gradually the big four of the *maquis*—Spada, Bornéa, Bartoli, Caviglioli—developed a system of intensive and lucrative living on the community. They and their satellites no longer kept in want and cold to the hills. They came down right into things, collecting, threatening, sometimes killing. Each had his own kingdom where he reigned supreme—Spada in the La Punta country, Bartoli round Palneca, Bornéa at Guitera, Caviglioli at Vico. All these are away in the mountains, but roughly encircle Ajaccio, the capital.

The bandits—who may originally have taken to the *maquis* for honour but who now had ceased to operate for such—levied tribute at the pistol point, particularly on the motor postal services criss-crossing the island, demanded fixed monthly remittances from hotel-keepers and business men, and sometimes also lump sums. They even published warnings in the local Press that unless money were paid by such and such a day justice would be done. Their cheek, in fact, was monumental. They would send their mistresses down to Ajaccio to buy things, and if a shopkeeper dared to mention payment there would come answer, "I'm Spada's mistress! Swallow that!" and the lady would flounce out. (In passing, the love-life of these gentry was curious. They went in a great deal for swopping sisters—safer to keep it in the family—while they also inherited each other's mistresses. Thus Spada took on Romanetti's.)

Bartoli once had an operation performed, during which, refusing an anæsthetic, he covered the surgeon. He also it was who invited a contractor to build a house for him and, when the work was done, inquired, "And what are you waiting for now?"

"Payment," said the builder.

"I will give you and your men five minutes to pack up and be off!"

What was the precise reaction of the islanders towards such supermen? Terrorized, fed-up, some may have been, but the majority admired. Such exploits! How truly Corsican!

Moreover, an increasing number of citizens were finding themselves caught up, not unwillingly, in the ramifications of Spada and company. They were acquiring money out of it, directly or indirectly. Spada, the brain and big chief, saw to that, and took care especially that some of the police should be "humoured." (This explains why the 600 police located on the island were not sent against the bandits. They could not be trusted to go all out.) It was also racket policy to keep in well with local mayors and town councillors. Progressively the whole central slice of the island came under the sway of the outlaws, thanks to an ever-spreading venality among the *inlaws*.

Of 300,000 inhabitants there grew to be perhaps thirty practising bandits, who in turn were able to employ some 300 retainers as spies, guides, go-betweens, receivers, provision and ammunition suppliers. The summit may have been reached when Spada was able to take over, in legal form, a motor, postal, and diligence service plying from Ajaccio up the west side of the island.

But the great racket, upon which this extra-legal world grew fat, concerned wood, the forests of the mountains, leased out to concessionaries by the Government. The bandits acted in two ways—in with the concessionaries or as enemies. Each way they stood to gain. The forest was largely hewn by imported Italian labour. As, say, a three months' hewing contract approached its term, and the aliens were about to draw their bulk wages, Spada and Co. or his friends would suddenly appear and cover the woodcutting assemblage when this had chanced to collect together. They were all to disappear at once and never come back; disobedience would bring death. (And these bandits never bluffed half their strength.)

The Italians trooped down to their boss, told their story, and sought to get paid. Very sorry, said the boss, but that would be quite impossible. The work had not been concluded; he would lose a big contract. So back to their native Tuscany the woodcutters would have to go, wageless. The concessionary had got all that hewing done for nothing, thanks to Spada and Co., and he would not be stingy in his recompensing.

Method with a concessionary who would not work in was even less involved. His wood, when cut, would simply be removed under cover of a dozen rifles and brought down to the eastern coast, where it would be shipped surreptitiously in sailing craft to Spain, which paid in good pesetas and had much need of wood. Payment would be made to the bandits through a perfectly respectable business man, their agent, established on the coast. In sum, revenue from wood enabled the erstwhile lone fugitives of the *maquis* to set up in comfortable homes, mistresses complete, and not infrequently there would be village feasting offered by the local outlaw chieftain who had so many members of his family in the vicinity. Even officials would come.

Now, that was the economic position until the other day. It is pure eye-wash to pretend Corsicans in general rebelled against it. Any rebellion in them was directed "agin the Government," against the police *du continent*, and particularly those so-rich-appearing, amused ones in touring limousines.

Unfortunately for the bandit racket, operations in recent times meant an unwholesome amount of shooting in the course of which, finally, no fewer than seven gendarmes lost their lives—a thing always meticulously avoided in bygone days. The bandits held right off tourists—one Dutch girl only was kidnapped—realizing how they brought money into the island, a percentage of which would in due course trickle in their direction, but they grew so arrogant

(*Continued on p. 420*)

BRING UP A BANDIT IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO: The youth of Corsica is taught to shoot with pedantic accuracy at a tender age lest the future should hold a bandit's career

A RESORT OF TOURISME: The famous chalk cliffs on the island of Moen, just south of Copenhagen

THE VIKING'S GRAVE: A mill erected on a barrow—one of a notable new set of views of Denmark

BORNHOLM: An attractive old-world harbour on the little granite island in the shallow Baltic waters

THE SKAW: The narrow tongue of land at the north of Jutland dividing the Kattegat from the North Sea. It is a favourite seaside resort

BEACH MEADOWS: The flat land is characteristic of much of Denmark's lea. The normal farm land is by way of being undulating

AGRICULTURAL: Denmark alternates between flat dunes, heaths and meadows, and billowing farm land of the type seen in this new view

DANISH DUMPERS: The docks at Copenhagen whence bacon, butter, eggs, cheese, and potatoes—in fact all farm and dairy produce—are exported into Britain. With the fear of legislation, the Danish merchants are flooding our markets with redoubled energy

WIND-SWEPT DENMARK

The Happiest Land in Europe

Just as few Englishmen ever go to the United States except for business, so Denmark attracts only the bowler-hatted commercial man from London. Which is a pity. The city of Copenhagen is perhaps the most modern in its architectural assertiveness in Europe. Its glass and steel buildings have a cinematic magnificence that make Londoners envious. Moreover, there are very few gloomy Danes. They have buried Hamlet in a boulder-strewn grave, and Elsinore is now only miserable to the traveller because it is the beginning of that twenty minutes' ferry across choppy seas to Sweden.

There is a Nordic freshness about the minds one meets in Denmark. It is an essential part of a country of windswept horizons and where the tang of the sea is always present. Once again the Nordic hordes are descending upon Europe. But this time they are not carrying the sword and the torch. The average Dane one meets up and down Europe is a Nietzschean blonde in physique, and usually possessed of a first-class scientific mind. Their ideas of architecture, scientific research, intensive agricultural development, and modernistic art are sweeping towards the Mediterranean in an irresistible onrush. To-morrow will see the great vogue of Scandinavian art.

That such a renaissance should come from a country that exports nearly 4,000,000 swine a year may seem paradoxical. But, by their success in breakfasting half Western Europe, Denmark has been able to base a real culture on its materialistic wealth. It is a country where men and women seem to have an Ibsenite passion for putting their house in order. I am sure that many Norahs have slammed the doors of dolls' houses in Copenhagen and put their husbands in their places. That is why some cynics, usually Berliners, will tell you that Copenhagen has less morals than Budapest. Really, they mean that it is a city whose philosophy is as clean and wind-swept as its streets.

In the very necessary work of civilization, the research work in laboratories devoted to agricultural methods, Denmark carried the torch through the dark days of the War. That is why even to-day they are in such a splendid position in their export trade. And they have not hesitated to pass on their scientific discoveries. Much of the recent scientific advance in British, French, and German agriculture is due to study and research in this land of small holdings and cheery, industrial people.

A young man from Australia who has been seeing Europe for the first time told me that the finest men and women he met during his tour, the finest brains, and the most cheerful optimism were all to be found in Scandinavia. He asserted quite confidently that the future of Europe was safe in Scandinavia. Perhaps the pessimism of Berlin, Paris, and London had affected him too deeply. But his observations could not be dismissed as nonsense.

Denmark, in the Gallic spirit, has often been regarded as a country of men mad with tidiness. In reality, it is a country that works unceasingly for material prosperity, and yet fails not in its devotion to culture. A gourmet told me I would get the finest meals in the world in Copenhagen. I admit that I shall treasure many happy memories of the delicious things I have eaten in that happy land.

The MAGIC CIRCLE

An Evening at the Magicians' Club

To obtain permission to attend a secret sitting of the Wizards' Association was no easy matter. The Wizards guard their secrets jealously, and are very reluctant to allow a layman to get a peep behind the scenes. It was only by the recommendation and intercession of the founder of the "Maja" (Association of Magicians), the famed magician, F. W. Conradi-Horster, that a relaxation of the rules was made in my case. And, anyhow, this evening no new trick was to be explained; the Wizards had assembled to greet a very famous guest, the British master-magician, Horace Goldin. He was on a visit to Berlin, and as honorary member of the "Maja" had announced his intention to be present at the meeting. So this evening there would be no displays, but only presentations.

Outwardly the "Maja" differs little from other clubs. One sits at the same table which yesterday was lined by members of the Choral Club, and uses the same beer glasses as to-morrow will be used by members of the Hunt Club. Indeed, there is at first nothing apparent to distinguish the men of the "Maja" from other men. There is only one remarkable peculiarity at the meeting of the associates. One sits opposite an apparently harmless person, when suddenly your neighbour or *vis-à-vis* commences to produce half-a-dozen huge cards from your breast pocket or draw a handful of money from your nose. But only when a new prospective member is presented is there any real magic in the air.

Horace Goldin arrived at a quarter to midnight—the magic hour. I had built up a mental picture of what this world-renowned Wizard should look like: a long, thin, Mephistophelian figure, typical of his art, with piercing eyes which penetrate one's inmost soul. And instead, there appeared, with his wife, a short elderly man, of rather compact figure, with a kindly, good-humoured aspect.

But it was Goldin, and he took his place at the head of the table with the committee. He was heartily greeted; and then things commenced to happen. Various members d e m o n s t r a t e d their favourite tricks before the guest of the evening; he smiled kindly and knowingly and was not sparing with his applause. After the hosts had produced enough, Conradi-Horster announced that Horace Goldin would demonstrate his most famous trick, the magic of the watch. The secret of this trick Goldin alone knows, and with his departure from this globe the secret will pass with him.

Horace Goldin rose and took a watch from his pocket and let a member of the club set the hands as he liked and clap the case to. Goldin then took the watch in his hand and, without opening it, named the exact time marked by the hands. Several present suggested that as it was his own watch he could possibly manipulate it, that is, it could be prepared. So Goldin allowed me to take my own watch and turn the hands as I wished without revealing the movements to him; then rolling it in a napkin he gave it to another to hold. Rolling up a piece of paper, he used it as a telescope, and immediately named the exact time revealed by the hands of the watch when it was unpacked and opened!

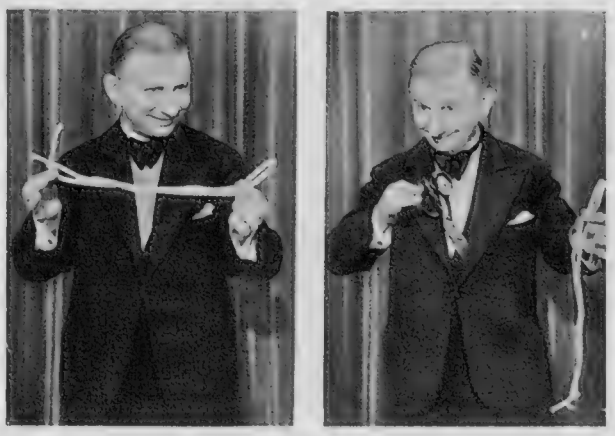
ILLUSION: The floating Okito ball, one of the most famous of conjuring tricks, demonstrated by a novitiate

THE OATH is taken by an initiate, swearing on the wand of the conjurer and his own honour not to reveal the secrets of the craft

AN ENGLISH MASTER: Mr. Horace Goldin, whose watch trick baffled the audience.—The hands were secretly set, the watch was shut and wrapped up, and Mr. Goldin told the time at which the hands were set by looking through a paper telescope!

A NEW AND UNPALATABLE COURSE at the magicians' dinner is frequently produced from thin air!

A GUEST OF HONOUR: A distinguished ventriloquist who entertains the magicians with his dummies



A QUESTION OF STRING: Four movements of mystification by Benno Pantel, a distinguished Continental conjurer, who produces a piece of string, cuts it, rejoins it, and shows it at last intact—a puzzling effort of legerdemain

THE BRITISH PORCELAIN BALL: Mrs. Baldwin and Lady Massereene and Ferrard at the successful function at Claridge's last month in aid of the National Birthday Trust Fund for the extension of maternity services

The "RACKET" *of* CHARITY BALLS

The Casual Evening's Amusement which Costs a Couple of Guineas Involves Hundreds of Hardworking Philanthropists, Organizers, Society Folk, and Publicists, in a Maelstrom of Activity, the Inside Story of which is Told Below

By CHARLES GRAVES

Unknown to the general public, a terrible war is raging in the underworld of High Life, and grim is the competition between dowagers to give the most appetising tomato-juice cocktails to the largest number of ladies of the Press.

People have less and less money now for charity, and as long as the English hospitals are unable to garner the rich harvest of sweepstakes tickets, their position is bound to become more and more insecure as voluntary contributions grow fewer and fewer. On January 1, owing to the extra tax squeeze, thousands of good, religious, and benevolent people will have to stop their bankers' order authorizing the payment of a fat cheque to their favourite charity. The result is that it would be impossible to find a more worried class of person now than the secretaries of great hospitals. Their out-payments and out-patients increase daily. Their income is liable to shrink out of all recognition.

For a long time the hospitals have eked out a precarious livelihood by a multiplicity of charity dances, charity matinées, and other charity affairs. But these have become wearisomely monotonous, despite the keenness of the competition, and in the course of ten years only two novelties have been thought of in the way of raising money for charity. One was the Charity Art Collection inspired by Sir Philip Sassoon, who persuaded millionaires and others to add their choicest pictures to his own wonderful collection in Park Lane. The other was the occasional bridge tournaments in Londonderry House, the most recent of which was held last Thursday. One can hardly call the Æolus Concerts an original idea, as concerts were one of the very first and most obvious methods ever invented for extracting money in a good cause.

Until yesterday, when I talked to three of the most important charity organizers in the country, I had always taken for granted that charity balls were invented solely to divert money from social climbers to good causes. While two of them agreed, the third said acidly that taxation was such nowadays that there was no social climbing left. "It is only a question," he said, "of who descends least quickly. Besides, when there is so little private entertaining being done, what can a social climber hope to get out of a duchess who has asked her to a committee-meeting, except to have a cup of tea at the actual committee-meeting? There's no hope for her to be asked to dinner a few nights later, however many tickets she may buy. The duchess probably lives in a small flat anyway."

There is a lot of truth in this. But fortunately for the seven or eight leading organizers whose livelihood depends largely on charity dances and matinées, a belief in this fallacy is still pretty general. It is borne out, moreover, by the fact that there are still quite a few hospitals where, if you pay £50, you can present a purse to Royalty. Here let me make a brief digression. Royalty needs no attention being drawn to its extraordinary patience and kindness where charity is concerned. Its readiness to stand and receive all kinds of people, to smile at them and make them feel at home at the reception before a big charity ball is well known. But Royalty is, obviously, far above the wildest dreams of the most avid social climber. To lunch or dine with a duchess or a marchioness or a countess who cannot be seen regularly in the restaurants and dance clubs of London is the height of their ambition, and frequently it is a very high one indeed when you think where the climber climbed from.

Yet some of these people who join committees are both surprised and peeved if their names, which are entirely unknown outside their own circle, are not sprung on the general public within twenty-four hours. But however lavish their purchase of tickets and their donations to the hospital (which are kept in cold storage until the night of the dance and then announced, usually at 2 a.m., when society reporters and ladies of the Press have in any case gone home long ago), they are foolish to hope for recognition in this way.

They do not realize that the way to succeed is to attach themselves unobtrusively to some great lady's pet charities; to give heavily to them, but to keep in the background; to make themselves indispensable; but to say that they do not want their own names mentioned. That is the short cut to success. Merely to join committees is going to get them nowhere. That is the tragedy of it from their point of view. But it has been the saving of the hospitals. Slowly, however, this is being realized, and the result is that while the future is still brilliant for really well-organized charities with strong committees and an organizer who has original ideas, the time has come when the weak ones will all go the wall.

In the past there have been far too many badly-run affairs organized, or rather disorganized, on behalf of obscure little clinics of which nobody has ever heard. In the past these have frequently "got away with it." In the future they will not. Public opinion has reached the point where it is beginning to insist on properly kept and properly audited accounts which are open to public inspection. Far too often in the past the profits have been out of all possible proportion to the amount of money laid out on the expenses. But let me return to that later.

I spoke just now of the handful of organizers who are responsible for nine-tenths of the big charity matinées and charity balls that are held during the year. Their fees range from £100 to £300 per charity, though £150 is the usual fee. To most of them I take off my hat. Their need for tact, hard work, and patience is beyond belief. And they certainly earn their money. Obviously it would be to the benefit of the hospital for which they were working if they could do it for nothing. But they are professional organizers, and they depend on it for their livelihood. Without them, moreover, any charity organization would be almost invariably chaotic. An exception is Lady Greer's Silver Rose Ball, which she runs single-handed except for the aid of the hospital secretary. But, generally speaking, they are essential. On an average they handle about five matinées and five charity balls a year. This works out at the rate of £3,000 a year to the top-price organizer, and, say, £1,500 to the general run of them. At once you will say what a pity that all this money has to be raised through their aid, and you will frequently hear people say, "I'd much rather give the money direct to the charity instead of buying tickets for a matinée." The fact remains that they do not and will not. They insist on getting something for their donation, even if it is a dreary affair largely attended by comatose and bewildered cooks who have been given tickets by their mistresses, who in turn have been unable to get rid of them in any other way.

But let us take a charity ball right through from its initial stages. A hospital secretary writes to an organizer and offers her a fee of £150 to arrange a charity ball. The organizer hopefully inquires what the background is—in the way of the committee. The odds are ten to one against any member of the committee being of any use at all for a special "stunt." So she takes that more or less for granted. The next question is to find an active chairman to sign letters and to help in the collecting of vice-chairwomen and the special committee. The odds in this case, I gather, are a thousand to one against anybody on the original hospital committee being available for this. The truth is that all the knowledgable ones realize that there is always a *quid pro quo*, and if they ask anyone to join their committee, they will be asked later on to retaliate. Finally, however, a chairman is found and a committee is formed.

Meantime the organizer has already worked out the scheme. Let us call it the Lilies of the Valley Ball. She has secured quotations from the various hotels, and is fully cognizant of what it costs to hire the Albert Hall, Olympia, and so on. The Albert Hall, for example, costs £1,000 to hire for the night. On top of

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING BALL: Miss Joan Toms, Mrs. Tyson Woodcock, Miss Bunting-Stevenson, the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell, Miss Moira Hunter, Miss Betty Rumbold, and (seated) Mr. John Taylor and Miss Allison Campbell in the "Garden of Girls"—a turn held at the Park Lane Hotel

SOCIETY WASHERWOMEN: Mrs. Orde, Mrs. Machlor, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Greville Williams, Mrs. Scholl, and Miss Barbara Joseph stroll through Piccadilly in costume to attend rehearsal for the Best of Everything Ball in aid of British Industries at the Park Lane Hotel

that there is £400 to be paid to the firm that provides the special dance floor. This £400 may be less if a date can be chosen directly after another ball so that the floor does not have to be relaid. In a case like this it is very much a matter of "After you, madam." An orchestra of at least fifty musicians is necessary, and by the Musicians Union's rates this works out at between two guineas and four guineas per musician for five hours' music. So even if the conductor gives his services free, there is going to be another £150 on the bill. Next comes the question of catering. The flat rate is 11s. per head. There is also the cost of bills outside the Albert Hall, printing expenses, and all the other incidentals, with the result that an organizer is nearly £2,000 out of pocket before the profits can be reckoned. *If*, of course, all the 5,000 people who can be accommodated at the Albert Hall buy two-guinea tickets, there is a profit of £8,000 on the evening.

The cost of hiring Covent Garden, on the other hand, used to be £900 for an evening. But it is now £600, and the caterer charges 4s. 6d. per head. This is in the case of 1-guinea or 2-guinea ticket balls. If it is going to be less expensive it is possible to come to a fifty-fifty arrangement with the management. The cost of the Suffolk Galleries, by contrast, is 15 guineas a night, and that of the Portman Rooms 25 guineas. But naturally they hold fewer people. The hotels usually charge a flat rate of 12s. 6d. per head, though it is sometimes as low as 10s. and sometimes as high as 15s. For this they supply a ballroom, sitting-out rooms, and supper, as well as a non-alcoholic buffet; the orchestra is extra, of course. The guests in a case like this pay for their own wine. Some hotels come to an arrangement with the organizers to give them a percentage on the sale of the wine. But this is not invariable by any means. Many organizers like to make an arrangement of a guinea a head to include champagne, but members of the committee are usually in two camps about this. Some think it a fine idea. Others say that their friends do not drink champagne and do not want to pay for what they do not have or wish to have. That is usually one of the first arguments that arise in the series of committee meetings which usually drag their slow length over a period of six weeks.

THE LIVING FASHION BOOK: Miss Odette Herrard and Miss Barbara Elliss busily engaged in rehearsing for a recent charity cabaret

Next comes the ticklish question of giving guarantees. When this has been successfully accomplished, the point arises about the tableaux, if any. The Lilies of the Valley Ball, presumably, needs something to justify its name and, while even organizers realize that any pageant or tableau which lasts more than twenty minutes is a bore, the fact remains that the very necessary publicity is most easily obtained by photographs. Fortunately there is always a number of charming self-sacrificing and patient women who manage to find time to take part in any number of pageants and tableaux. Looking through the records of various charity balls of the last few months, I frequently come across such names as Rosita Forbes, Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale, Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, Princess George Imeritinski, Lady Melchett, Mrs. Claude Leigh, Mrs. Charles Cartwright, Lady (Hamilton) Grant, Mrs. Robin D'Erlanger, Lady Carlisle, as well as the younger generation of ex-debutantes like Miss Margaret Whigham, Lady Patricia Moore, and Lady Bridget Poulett. Letters are written to some of them, while others are asked personally by members of the committee. When a satisfactory number of affirmative answers has been received a tea party is given to the photographers and ladies of the Press in the home of the most prominent member of the committee who can be coaxed into lending her home in the good old cause.

The organizer has meanwhile persuaded some of the ladies who are going to appear in the tableau to come in their fancy costume so that advance publicity can be secured. She has also persuaded some of the best-known of the committee to come and have a cup of tea with a view to further publicity in the women's columns of the newspapers. The maddening part about this of course is that frequently all kinds of flattering references are made to the tea party and the titled women who are present—and none whatever to the actual charity. This is frequently not the fault of the lady of the Press. It may be that the sub-editor cuts it out. Indeed, there are at least two newspapers which deliberately adopt a policy of leaving out all references to charities in its social columns unless they are paid for in cash.

Finally the great day dawns. With any luck Mrs. Warren Pearl, Mrs. Wesley Watson, Lady Rothband, Mrs. Woolley-Hart, and Sir Julian Cahn are all interested in the charity, and between them will have bought 150 tickets. All the Lilies of the Valley make their appearance, and the dance and tableau take place. Six hundreds tickets have been sold at 2 guineas. This means a profit of 600 by 15s. when all expenses have been paid, and amounts to £450—a nice sum for any hospital.

The average organizer does not like to have anything to do with a charity ball where the profits are not at least 100 per cent. more than the cost. But there have been occasions when the proportion was nothing like so high, a net profit of £50 on an expenditure of £350 is not uncommon. One of the most successful balls by contrast was the Strauss Ball, the profits of which were officially announced as being £2,000. But this is a very high figure. Whereas it was not difficult to sell 1,000 at 2 guineas a time last year, 750 is good now, and any charity that can benefit to the tune of £600 as the result of a charity ball has done exceedingly well, however much money has been spent on it in advance.

COMMITTEE: Ethel Lady Buchanan-Jardine, Lady Latta, Cora Countess of Strafford, Countess of Strathmore, Lady Beatrix Wilkinson, and Mrs. Walter Rubens, who acted on the committee of the Persian Market in Park Lane, held in aid of the Waifs and Strays

THE PERSIAN MARKET IN PARK LANE: Miss Annesley, Miss E. Burlison, Miss Nemeni Balfour, Miss Regis de Oliveira, Mrs. Walter Rubens, Mrs Hirsch, and Mrs. Booker at a meeting over the tea-table to discuss details of the Grosvenor House Hotel function

PORCELAIN: Lady Anne Wellesley and the Hon. Joanna Douglas in picturesque costume at a charity ball at Claridge's last week

AT CLARIDGE'S: Miss Anne Faudel-Phillips, Miss Jean Hay, and Miss Kitty Combe representing Coalport and Worcestershire porcelain

Many charity organizers prefer to run charity matinées to charity balls. There is a wider choice in the price of tickets. There is no expensive catering to arrange. The theatre is lent for the occasion, and only the incidentals of electricity and so on have to be paid. These range between £15 and £40. But even with charity matinées the organizers have to show a vast amount of tact. Most of them print the names of their committee in alphabetical order to prevent the vexed question of precedence. When a knight's wife is put before an Honourable Mrs. there is often the devil to pay.

"Frequently I am called up on the telephone at 8 a.m.," one of these organizers told me, "and again at 2 a.m. with regard to a forthcoming charity affair. Some of these women do not consider you in any way at all, and they are always the ones who spend least money. On the other hand, in this game of ours we meet some of the nicest and kindest people, who are most generous and yet do not want publicity. Yes, ours is a bitter-sweet job.

"Someone will telephone and say, 'My dear, that awful woman! Don't put me near her at the committee meeting!' and hardly has she rung off than the other woman will come through on the telephone; and you wonder anxiously whether there has been a crossed line! The tact we need! I tell you, if it were not for us there would never be a charity ball again, which would be hard luck on the hospitals, if on nobody else."

One of the many difficulties about a charity ball is the question of the number of free tickets which are allocated. The hotels usually allot six. This is increased to fifteen, and then, when the time comes, the list has swollen mysteriously to a very much higher figure. In one well-known instance not long ago there was an actual loss on the ball. Because of this another difficulty is in connection with the entertainment supplied.

Douglas Byng, who gave his services so often and voluntarily organized so many cabarets, had a simple way of handling the position. Having persuaded a number of professional actresses to take part, he would then mix up their names with all the amateurs. At the subsequent committee meeting he would read out each name and ask the ladies present, most of whom were relatives of the amateurs, whether the owner of it was a beauty or an artist. The reply was invariably

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RURAL INDUSTRIES

Six Still Extant Cottage Crafts

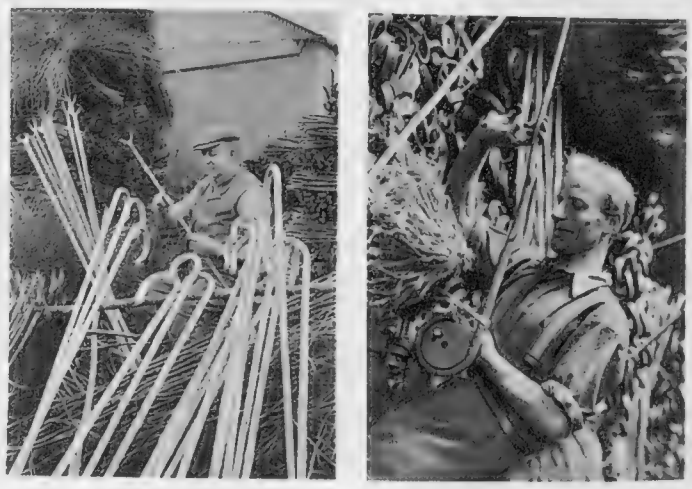
A COMMUNAL CIDER MILL: A fine old movable mill which for two centuries has been taken from farm to farm as required. The apples are placed in the mill and ground to pulp, which is then laid in vats and put beneath the press where the juice is extracted. The mill is seen at Stone, Gloucestershire—a county which rivals Hereford, Devon, and Somerset in cider-making

MAKING PLASTER OF PARIS: This craft, which is the main profession of the villagers of Draycott-in-the-Clay, Staffs., has, despite winter cold, to be carried on at a high temperature. Those engaged in the task seem to be trying to thaw a snow-covered building!

A USELESS CRAFT THAT STILL PERSISTS: At Brandon, Norfolk, the ancient profession of flint-shaping persists, although there is to-day no commercial use for the product of the labour. Mr. Herbert Cowards, chief representative of gun-flint manufacturers of the town, is here seen with his family busily engaged in a pursuit that has now only an antiquarian—or a prehistoric—interest

HORSE-HAIR WEAVING: One of the few factories still extant exists at Davenham. Here horse-hair clothes are woven in hand looms and dyed in brilliant colours. Out of the 200 looms, only 20 are employed, owing to foreign competition. The tail hairs only are used

IN DEFENCE OF WINTER: Crofters are now busily engaged in cutting and squaring peat on the moors of Scotland. This couple looks rather Irish than Scottish—both races, of course, are Celtic—but they are in reality natives of Sutherlandshire, the great peat county of North Britain. The cutting and squaring of the peat is done entirely by hand and it is then dried in preparation for winter burning



SHAPING STICKS: The tops of saplings are first steamed to make them pliable and are then warped round a reel—a treatment also meted out to shepherds' crooks. This industry—which has been given a great impetus by the new hiking vogue—is carried on at the little Surrey village of Chiddingfold

THE FALL of the PHEASANT

Shooting Marksmen—with a Camera!

GUNS IN ACTION: A scene during the shoot held by Sir Harold Bowden, Bart., at Bestwood Park, Notts. Because of their greater resistance to wet, pheasants have done considerably better than partridges this year, although the later hatchings—which encountered the full severity of summer weather—suffered grievously and, in fact, the second clutches scarcely survived. Wild birds, however, implement the losses

LEADING THE GUNS TO A NEW DRIVE: Lord Doverdale leads his party to a new drive at Westwood Park, Droitwich. The preserving of pheasant in Britain used to be a matter of severity, but fourteenth century France was far more stringent in its legislation to protect the famous delicacy

OVERHEAD: Mr. J. C. Denison-Pender, at Sir Harold Bowden's shoot, takes a high bird while his loader follows the flight with his eye. The birds came over high, much to the guns' delight

WELL TAKEN: Commander O. Locker-Lampson, M.P., in successful action at Sir Harold Bowden's shoot. So important has artificial rearing become that it takes rank both as a science and as a minor employment-giving industry

THE BAG: Sir Harold Bowden and Lord Tennyson watch the great thrill at the end of the day—counting up the bag. The pheasant has a great history as a delicacy, for Aristophanes mentions them; the Romans bred them, and they were introduced to Britain at the time of the last Crusade

A DISTINGUISHED HOST: Sir Harold Bowden at his own shoot at Bestwood Park, Notts. His loader is seen to his left, while behind is an under-keeper with the inevitable retriever for wounded birds

COMING OVER HIGH: Sir Charles Nall-Cain at Sir Harold Bowden's shoot in Notts. A wit, who was a poor shot but a famous epicure, once remarked that he liked his pheasants "low in the air but high on the plate"

AT BUCHANAN CASTLE: The Duke of Montrose chats to his host, Mr. R. B. Tennent, during a stroll across the moors. Pheasants were first protected in England under Henry VII, and Henry VIII made the trading in these birds a privilege of the Royal Household. Under the first James a close season was established

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The World's Largest Carpet: *The gigantic carpet made in Czecho-Slovakia for the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York. It is 1,137 ft. square, weighs nearly three tons, and has in its construction well over thirteen million knots. It was shipped from Hamburg*

Teaching the Black Idea: *One of the 4,153 Catholic Mission Schools in the Congo which together deal with 270,000 children. Great efforts are being made to educate Africa in pursuance of the dictum "The future of Africa depends on her children"—spoken at Geneva*

A Venetian Museum: *Palazzo Rezzonico, once occupied by Browning, has just been bought by the municipality of Venice as a museum in which all varieties of Venetian* objets d'art— *many of them from the Museum Correr—are to be exhibited henceforth*

Mussolini as Groomsman: *Il Duce fulfilled the rôle of best man for Signor Massimo Magistrati at his wedding with Contessa Maria Ciano de Cortellazzo, the daughter of the Minister of Communications in Rome, and the sister-in-law of the Dictator's daughter, Edda. The wedding was one of the great functions of Roman Society*

Lady Drummond-Hay writes on The at

ARTERIES OF CIVILIZATION.—

The first thread in the fabric of Pan-Europa. That is how Mr. Stenson Cooke, well-known Secretary of the Automobile Association, sees the projected two-thousand-mile arterial road to the East. He visualizes motor-traffic, speeding shuttle-wise between England and Turkey, weaving a web of international friendship and co-operation.

"Our proposed thirty-foot carriage-way linking London to Istambul, through Central Europe, across the Balkans, is more than a super-road spanning the continent of Europe. It should be an unprecedented mental broad highway of understanding between the nations," Mr. Cooke told me the other day in Fanum House. "As the Automobile Association of some 430,000 members, we are naturally eager to see the fulfilment of our ambitious dream—a first-class motor road, traversing eight countries, twenty-four hours' customs service with formalities reduced to a minimum, garages, service stations, tourist bureaux, interpreters at each frontier. Personally, and individually, we look upon it as much more. I believe that the opening of the road may well inaugurate a new era of international relations." Mr. Cooke spoke enthusiastically of the interested co-operation of the States in question, in spite of the tremendous expense of such a scheme. Mr. Cooke replied to my query about the cost of the road by telephoning the A.A. expert, and letting me hear his broadcast reply through the loud speaker.

Where the road has to be entirely new, it may cost many thousands of pounds a mile. Bridging the Danube alone may run into £500,000. But in many places, material and labour are available locally. Five years or more will be required to complete the plan, even in the most favourable circumstances. That will bring Turkey within three days of England by road, and pave one-quarter of an overland motor route to Calcutta. The idea originated with a high official of the Automobile Association some years ago. Prolonged and often difficult negotiations with the Alliance Internationale de Tourisme and governments concerned began to succeed last year, and this October brought the announcement at a congress on the subject that parts of the road are open, others under construction, and that the administrative difficulties of the scheme have been largely overcome. Turkey and Rumania are in competition to have the road through their territory from Budapest eastwards, terminating at Istambul or Constanta respectively. The latter would entail a sea-trip to Istambul, and the matter is not yet decided.

"Roads are just as important a factor in progress to-day as they were in the times of the Romans, who knew neither trains nor aircraft," Mr. Stenson Cooke declared. I had suggested that rails and airways might to an appreciable extent supplant highways as means of international communication, and opening up new territory in unexploited regions such as the vastnesses of China, and Brazil for instance. But Mr. Cook maintained that road transport is still one of the greatest factors of civilization. That I find to be especially true in North Africa whence I have just returned. The French are possessing themselves of the resources of the Sahara by nets of roads.

The International Labour Office of the League of Nations in May announced plans for the linking of the whole of Europe by means of roads, and at the same time provide employment for millions of unemployed. This great International road system, Geneva suggested, should include roads passing through Paris, Vienna, and ending in Athens. Another would link Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, and Moscow. There would also be trans-Alpine roads, and a great highway from the Balkans to the Baltic Sea.

Statistics show that the road mileage of the world totalled 7,805,629 miles in 1929, an increase of 1,223,628 miles over the year before. Roads appear still to be the chief arteries of civilization.

A DIAMOND STANDARD!—

A new standard for the British pound in place of the abandoned gold standard? A "platinum standard" was one of the earliest suggestions. The Silver Association last week put forward their case for this metallic basis to be adopted, if not in substitution, at least in addition to gold. Mr. Wardlaw Milne, M.P., member of the Association, wants to see an Empire currency based on gold plus silver, and the establishment of a central Empire Bank to regulate credit, which, he claims, "would place our feet on the road to recovery, and take the most important step towards making the Empire one economic unit." The British Empire and America, acting together independently of the rest of the world, Mr. Milne says, could defeat world depression.

A "diamond standard" for the British pound is the latest, and a very interesting suggestion. How seriously the idea of such a standard could be considered, only finance experts can answer. But it is declared that a diamond standard would be no more impracticable for Britain in search of a new standard for money, than would be a platinum standard.

It is pointed out that the British diamond syndicate controls about eighty per cent of the diamond production of the entire world, restricts the output and controls the prices. According to one of the directors of the Diamond Régie, the value of medium-sized stones, ranging from three to ten carats, first-class quality, have been little affected by the world's economic depression. Only small stones, very large ones, and those with flaws have fallen in price. Diamonds under consideration for "diamond coverage" of notes, would be just those fine quality stones from three to ten carats, the Diamond Régie director explained, and they do not fluctuate in value to any appreciable extent. Certainly not as much as silver, for instance.

To the objection that a "diamond standard" would give an impetus to the manufacture of synthetic diamonds, the director countered that the cost of such manufacture, even if possible, far exceeds the value of such stones.

It is probably not generally realized that diamonds, traditionally synonymous with luxury and glittering adornment, play a big and undecorative rôle in industry. In fact, more than half the world's production of stones, in quantity, is used in industry. Some form bearings for watches, chronometers, electric meters, other instruments, and laboratory apparatus. Some, in which tapered holes are drilled, are used for drawing fine wire of platinum, silver, gold, and rare metals. Much of the wire used for filaments for electric and radio bulbs is drawn through diamonds.

A Glimpse of the Modern *young westernized Chinese woman This little group was obtained at interesting for the vision it gives the type that can be found at the the seat o*

WORLD Large

Other industrial uses for diamonds are as drills for glass, porcelain, and similar hard substances; turning-tools for lathe work; engraving points; cutting edges for rock drilling and sawing. The value of these "working diamonds" is, of course, very much less than the value of the "patrician diamonds" used in jewellery.

According to the National Geographic Society, the value of diamonds owned in the United States alone exceeds 4,000,000,000,000 dollars, that is, an average of between 150 dollars and 200 dollars to each family. The United States is the world's greatest diamond-consuming country. Normally it absorbs almost the equivalent of the entire South African output.

Eighty-five per cent. of the diamonds mined come from Africa, half of that quantity from South Africa, Rhodesia, Tanganyika, Angola, Belgian Congo, and the Gold Coast contributing the remainder. Next to South Africa in importance, the Society's report shows, comes Brazil as a diamond producing region. At one time there were 20,000 diamond miners at work in that country. Dutch Guiana is the only other important source of diamonds in South America. In the East and South, Borneo, Australia, and Tasmania produce some diamonds. A few have been discovered in Siberia. A negligible quantity in the Ural Mountains in Russia, and in Lapland. Small stones have come to light in alluvial deposits in various parts of the United States.

Controlling output, price, and circulation of eighty per cent. of the precious industry, the suggestion of a "diamond standard" for Britain does present some interesting facets.

China: *Mrs. Lindbergh with a at an official afternoon reception. an official reception. It is especially of a young westernized Chinese woman of big coastal ports and in proximity to government*

A RECIPE FOR CENTENARIANISM.—

Having rounded the century mark of life himself, on November 8, Professor Guéniot, a Paris surgeon, has written a book on *How to Live to be a Hundred Years Old*.

To attain his hundredth birthday, the Professor had no recourse to grafting monkey-glands into himself, or to the operating method of the famous Viennese rejuvenation expert, Professor Steinach. Professor Guéniot gives twenty-five rules to span a century of life. The basis and essence of these is "Moderation," and that in capital letters. The rules are very simple, as indeed is life itself where not made complicated by mankind.

Get up in the morning before having satisfied the full need of sleep. That desire for just a little longer snooze he considers a good reserve to induce prompt sleep when you go to bed at night. Emphasis on utmost cleanliness. Cold water, he declares, is a wonderful tonic. Clothing must be practical, very comfortable, and adapted to climate. Live in the open as much as possible. Take frequent week-ends. Never be idle. The centenarian physician lays great stress on "doing something," and that "something" to be useful to mind or body. Moderation in eating and drinking. Milk, eggs, fruit, and mixed vegetable diet is preferable to a monotonous meat diet. Strong alcoholic drinks shorten life. Particularly does he condemn cocktails on an empty stomach as being veritable torpedoes against health and long life. But neither is "teetotalling" the path to the century milestone. He praises light wines, especially the light red table clarets "which are stimulating and promote digestion." Although one hundred years old, he still drinks daily nearly two litres of this red table wine, "and I have never had reason to regret this habit."

Thus has Professor Guéniot successfully made the century on red wine, while Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the American "Old King" recently reached his ninety-second year on milk and biscuits.

Professor Guéniot considers one hundred to be nothing more than the natural span of life for mankind. He bases this on the theory that man's life, like that of the animal, has the same constant relation to its physical development. It has been observed that most created things live five times as long as the period necessary to reach their full physical development. Man requires twenty to twenty-two years for that, hence his natural span of life is one hundred years.

This century-old professor of medicine gives as a reason why so few people see a hundred years of life that, either they are born with too little life-force or, through unwise and immoderate habits, themselves destroy their chances of such an age.

TAKING A JOKE SERIOUSLY.—

Two clerks in an American bank, Alfred Leon and Christian Lazar, were sitting in New York one sultry July evening in 1905, enjoying numerous cocktails after banking hours. That was before Americans turned "dry" and established Prohibition. The two bank clerks talked of their future. As their spirits rose, that future became more and more glamorous. Suddenly Lazar reached for a sheet of paper, and wrote "I promise to pay Alfred Leon the sum of ten thousand dollars on the day that my wealth reaches the figure of twenty-five million dollars. Signed, Christian Lazar, New York, July 19th, 1905."

Leon laughed heartily, thought it a good joke, but put the paper in his pocket.

Time passed. Leon returned to Paris. Lazar remained in New York, speculated successfully. Before the end of the War he was credited with being worth more than a million dollars. Twenty-five years passed. The other day memory of that long-forgotten drinking bout was unexpectedly recalled to his mind. Through legal channels the demand for ten thousand dollars, based on his promissory note of that July evening, was presented to Christian Lazar.

Suit had been instituted by Leon, who alleged that he had learned that Lazar's wealth had passed the twenty-five million point. Lazar's lawyer argued that reports of his client's wealth were considerably exaggerated, and besides, that the promissory note given on that July evening, was after all only meant to be a joke. The case has not yet been settled.

ANTI-SPEED IN THE DESERT.—

Ibn Saud, King of the Hedjaz, is "fed-up" with motor-car accidents in his desert kingdom in Arabia. Reckless driving of Arab chauffeurs has increased road accidents in his realm out of all proportion to the number of automobiles there.

Ibn Saud, who is credited with more than one hundred children, has made known his determination to put a stop to wild driving. The manner in which he emphasized this resolve is quite characteristic of the Moslem King. He had a careless or reckless Arab chauffeur hanged the other day, on the road between Jeddah and Jambo, at the very spot where that driver had an avoidable smash-up. There that Arab "speed-devil" has been dangling in the air ever since.

So effective has been this drastic example that reports from Jeddah allege that there has not been a motor-car accident in Ibn Saud's kingdom since.

Mexican Repatriation: *Some of the 1,500 Mexican men, women, and children, who left Los Angeles for their own country where they were efficiently distributed. This is part of a scheme under which 20,000 Mexicans have been repatriated from the Los Angeles area of California*

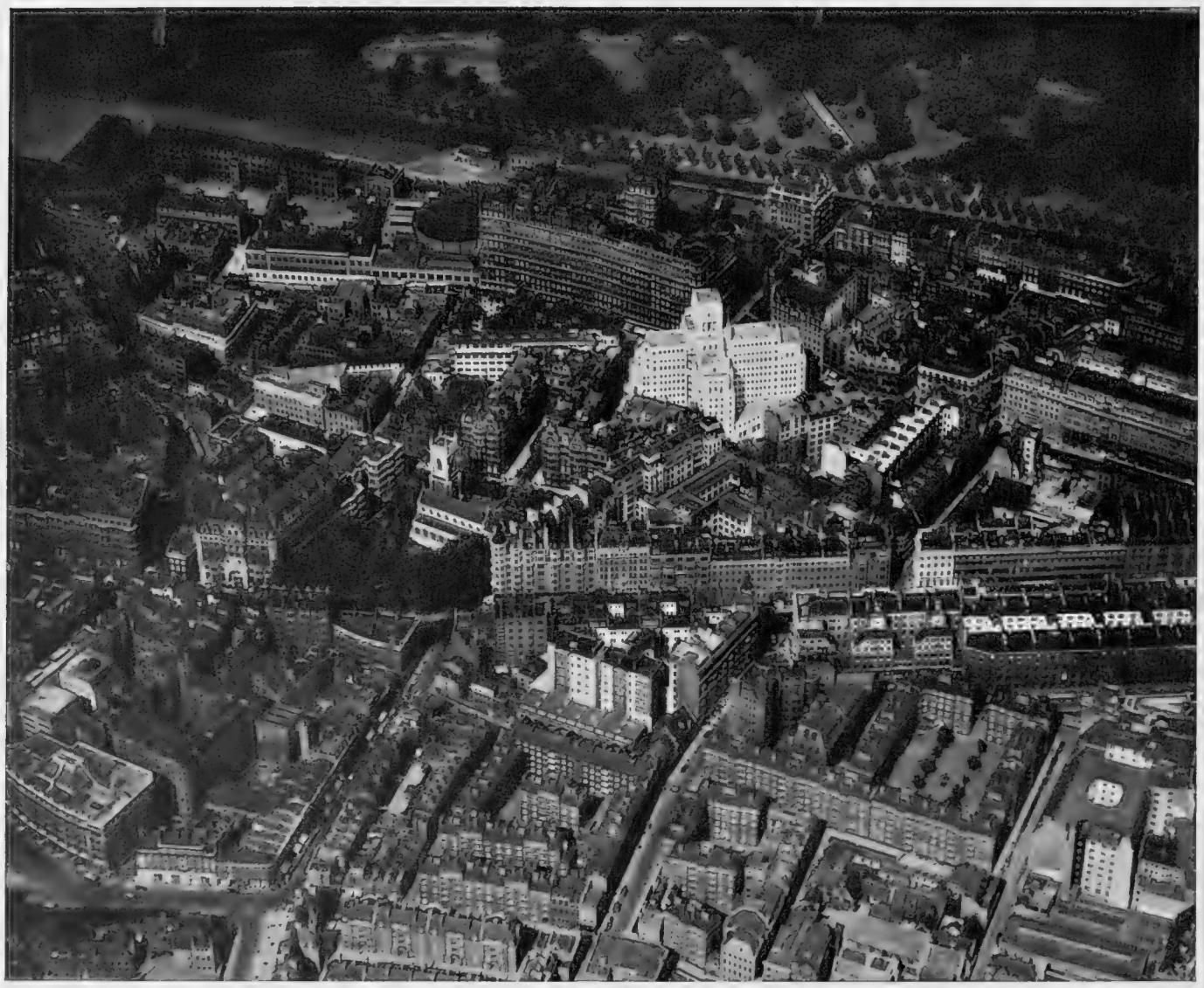
Transport Ancient and Modern: *A scene at Gogama, on the Canadian National Railway, Ontario. Passengers from the Continental Limited (Anglice, express), one of the great giants of the line, watch a "musher" leave the station with his dog team*

East Meets West in Jerusalem: *The new Government House, the residence of the High Commissioner for Palestine, to which position Sir Arthur Wauchope has been appointed. The architecture fittingly blends Eastern and Western styles. The residence is luxuriously equipped*

The Peripatetic Bar: *The electric railway from Tokio to Nikko has inaugurated a refreshment service for passengers. Dainty Japanese girls serve beer, sake (rice wine), sandwiches, and cakes to the railway patrons. Japan, be it remarked, possesses no D.O.R.A. forbidding the consumption of drinks at specified hours—despite the fact that the country is an autocracy*

LONDON FROM THE AIR

A Quartette of New Aerial Pictures of the Hub o' the Empire, which Show the White Masses of the New Buildings Flung Up by the Grey Background of the Older Bricks

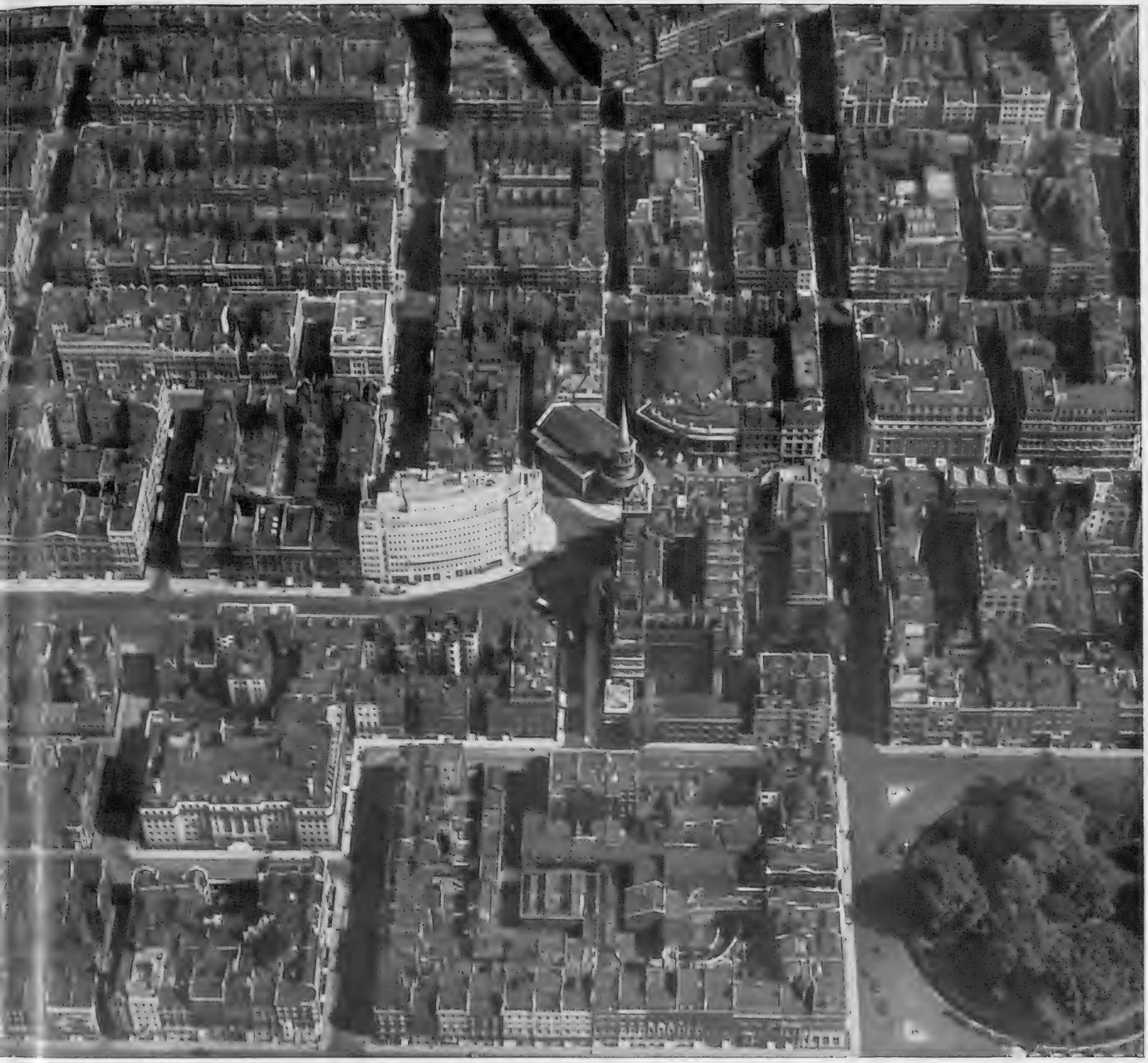


UNDERGROUND FROM OVERGROUND: This mighty and dazzling structure is one of London's buildings most clearly seen from an aeroplane; even on the dullest days its outline pierces the haze—and its controversial decorations remain veiled in a merciful mist

MODERNITY BY THE ANCIENT BANKS OF THAMIS: A glimpse of Thames House, Millbank — the mighty white building in which the vital enterprise of I.C.I. is housed. This is one of the buildings that have done much to change the aspect of the Metropolis

A WIRELESS WAVE'S-EYE
been displaced as the
o

A new feature is arising in the aerial silhouette of London, though perhaps the term silhouette requires modification. The great white buildings which are arising show up with dazzling clearness against the grey, or reddish grey, of the surrounding masses of older buildings. All the views given here have recently been obtained by a camera operator of Aerofilms of Hendon when flying over London at speeds varying from fifty to a hundred miles an hour. These aerial camera specialists have to know their business very thoroughly when careering over the multitudinous roof tops of London. Aviator and cameraman have to be in very close sympathy to secure the desired results. Both the question of light and the question of wind have to be considered. The camera operator will desire to turn into the wind so that his speed in



VIEW OF THE NEW B.B.C. BUILDING: An aerial impression of the centre of London where the "Extinguisher"—the spire of All Souls' Church, Langham Place—has now great landmark of upper Regent Street by the shining arc of the B.B.C. building. The famous theatre of magic and the even more famous home of the "Pops" and "Proms" and other harmonic delights can be discerned. One of the few streets to be easily distinguished from the air is Portland Place, whose noble sweep is easily recognized

relation to the ground will be lessened.

"These new white buildings" says one of these aerial camera specialists, "undoubtedly provide a new note in the aspect of London from the air. In the sunshine they stand out with extraordinary brilliance, and even on a hazy day their brightness will will gleam through the mist in unmistakable fashion."

These pictures were obtained just before the autumn mists set in. Photography over London during November and December is by no means an easy matter. One has to choose one's day with special care. A fine day between five and six o'clock often provides an excellently clear light. The general effect of London from the air is, we understand, of a suffused blue-grey colour, with the green of the parks and squares standing out with vivid clarity.

RESIDENCE AND DEPARTURE: Berkeley Court, the admirable new block of luxury flats grouped round Baker Street station, the centre of the electrical nerve system that feeds the environs of London and even the outlying districts

BOOKS—

Heroic Nowell Cowardice: Heroic Seelyisms: Russia actually Regarded with Dispassion

By CECIL ROBERTS

The synonym for a bright young man is "Noel Coward." He began, in the conventional manner of bright young men determined that their elders shall sit up and condemn by writing terribly shocking plays. So we thought, then. He trafficked in fallen angels and showed how they shook their cocktails and got doped, and talked scandalously. Everybody enjoyed himself for a time, and then prophesied that Noel Coward could not keep the pace up. There was an exhaustion point to naughtiness. But he went on becoming naughtier and naughtier. Then, one day, the gallery booed its idol. And that's the end, said the prophets of Chelsea, who can never forgive the consistently successful.

We see now that it was really the beginning. He wrote a most successful revue, he wrote *Bitter Sweet*, he wrote *Private Lives*, he wrote *Post Mortem*. Then, finally, he wrote *Cavalcade*. No, not finally, though the old Noel Coward is dead. He is now on the side of national causes, the King, and the Constitution. He may become our national dramatist. After *Cavalcade* it seems to me that he has changed from a weary, disillusioned young man who has had everything he wants, and now knows it is all not worth having, into an earnest critic of our national life, with a constructive instead of a destructive conception of Society. Time will show. Meanwhile, at the very height of his reputation he has played a Christmas joke upon us. He has turned Noel into Noël Coward, and given himself away in *Collected Sketches and Lyrics* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). Only a very bold writer would dare to reveal the art of writing down to the lowest common mentality of a revue audience. He sets forth a number of rules, the first of which is—

"The audience must never be kept waiting. The moment their last splendid laugh at the end of a sketch has subsided into a general chuckle, their attention must immediately be distracted by a line of vivacious chorus-girls (preferably with bare legs) or a treble-jointed acrobatic dancer with no bones at all."

Such is the first necessity. The audience must have time neither to think nor drink, except between the acts. Sometimes, in my saddest moments at these revues, I have wondered what the book would really be like, but no writer of revues ever permits the book to get into the hands of the spectator. After reading this confession of Mr. Coward's it is even more awful than we had ever thought. The inanity of these jingles, their complete success in evading any kind of approach to genuine wit or artistic life fills one with amazement at the mind that could have discovered the road to fame and fortune through such a morass of drivel. Following the first shock one begins to discern the genius of the man. The complete suspension of one's intelligence is a rare and difficult feat. Mr. Coward performs this operation without any sign of strain. His puppets twist their legs and their words—

> The landlady was always drunk at Aberdeen,
> She used to keep her money in the soup-tureen,
> One night you swallowed half-a-crown and turned pea-green,
> Those wonderful touring days.

Make no mistake, it is more difficult for an intelligent man to write those lines than for him to write an immortal lyric. The lyric is self-born under the stress of emotion, these lines are stillborn under the stress of Mr. Cochran. Sometimes even Mr. Coward's genius fails him. He lapses into genuine poetic felicity, but in this garden of sublime parody he is not the sole inmate.

> Beloved it is dawn, I rise
> To smell the roses sweet,
> Emphatic are my hips and thighs,
> Phelgmatic are my feet.
> Ten thousand roses have I got
> Within a garden small,
> God give me strength to sniff the lot,
> Oh let me sniff them all.

Douglas

THE TYPIST NOVELIST: Miss Marjorie Price, who is known as the feminine Edgar Wallace, for she wrote three books in a year at the age of twenty-four. Miss Price has had experience on the stage, but is working in a solicitor's office while writing in her spare time

No wonder this drew the Sitwellian arrows, long since drawn, and the wounds anointed with mutual publicity. But only occasionally does Mr. Coward descend to these heights; he wisely hurries back to pirouette on the peaks of idiocy, to startle us occasionally into sanity with the overwhelming thought that "it's raspberry time in Runcorn."

Brave, incredible Noel Coward to give himself away for a Christmas treat! We read him and weep to learn how genius must sweat for its daily box-office. Thank heaven he has his respite at moments when he throws off a masterpiece like *Post Mortem*, a gem like *Private Lives*, a pageant like *Cavalcade*. And reading this book we weep bitter tears for all the laughter he drew from us when he proved that indiscretion is the better part of cowardice.

Years and years and years ago, when I was a small boy, I was taken to a political meeting. The bait was a real Cabinet Minister of the Liberal variety. It was a foggy night and he was spectrally visible at the far end of an immense skating rink. After the great gun had gone off, a second speaker arose—tall, confident, long-nosed, and eagle-eyed. He seemed to me to be insolently young, superbly tailored, and very self-satisfied. He made a good speech. "That's young Jack Seely," said a voice, behind me, of a collier employed in the one of the Seely colleries. Fifteen years later, on the same platform, in the same cause, I was the speaker, with young Jack Seely's father as chairman. In the years between, and since, "young Jack" has acquired so many prefixes and affixes that his name is almost buried. A lively autobiography *Adventure* has described those years and acquisitions. Now in *Fear and Be Slain* (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), Major-General the Right Hon. J. E. B. Seely, P.C., C.B., D.S.O., fills in the story of *Adventure* with various reminiscences.

General Seely has done something no novelist dare do. He has related in sober truth the most astonishing coincidences. Some of his adventures had finales that belong to Charles Garvice, and openings that were pure Edgar Wallace. His home in the Isle of Wight faces the sea, and the sea throws up for his investigation story after tragic story. Shipwrecks and rescues, messages in bottles, a tornado in the Bay of Naples, a rescue from imminent death on the lonely coast of Australia, with his three companions down with fever, and the water giving out, the midnight attempt to capture a Boer commander on the veldt, story after breathless story is at his command. Is it superb fiction, one wonders, so perfectly rounded is the incident, so workmanlike the conclusion? But one knows it is not fiction, for no novelist dare stick to such a conventional pattern.

Take, for instance, the story of how he ran away from his preparatory school, which reads like a chapter from Dotheboys' Hall, with Flashman borrowed from Rugby. He describes how a bullying master fought the French master, who was in love with the head housemaid: "Cad," shouted the master, striking the Frenchman with his riding crop. They fought. The Frenchman broke the crop across his knee, hissing *Canaille*. Then he bent low over Mary's hand and kissed it "I learned that evening that the Frenchman had gone straight out of the house, leaving word that the butler was to send his belongings after him. The beautiful Mary followed the next day, and I have heard, and I am sure it is true, that they lived happily ever after." Only a General would be brave enough to tell that story.

The thesis underlying most of the events narrated in this book is that courage is all that matters. Fear, and be slain; believe and live, says the General. If the stories seem to pay much tribute to the General's courage and importance, the fault may be more in the telling than in the need for modesty. They are all remarkable stories, exceptionally well told, and cover a great portion of the earth.

The adventures of a much younger man, in a part of the earth not touched by General Seely, is narrated in *Russian Waters*, by Nicholas Polunin (Arnold. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Polunin is an Oxford undergraduate, of Russian descent, who shipped as a paid hand in a timber boat bound for the White Sea. In the course of a long vacation he succeeded in seeing at first hand the life led by Russians in the much-discussed timber labour settlements. He has preserved an open mind, and tells his story as an wholly unprejudiced spectator. "Of one thing I am now convinced. It is that one must not be too hasty in condemning the Russian Communists," he says. Nevertheless, it is an appallingly grim life he presents, a life that makes the worst industrial parts of England a Utopia in comparison.

(Continued on p. 426)

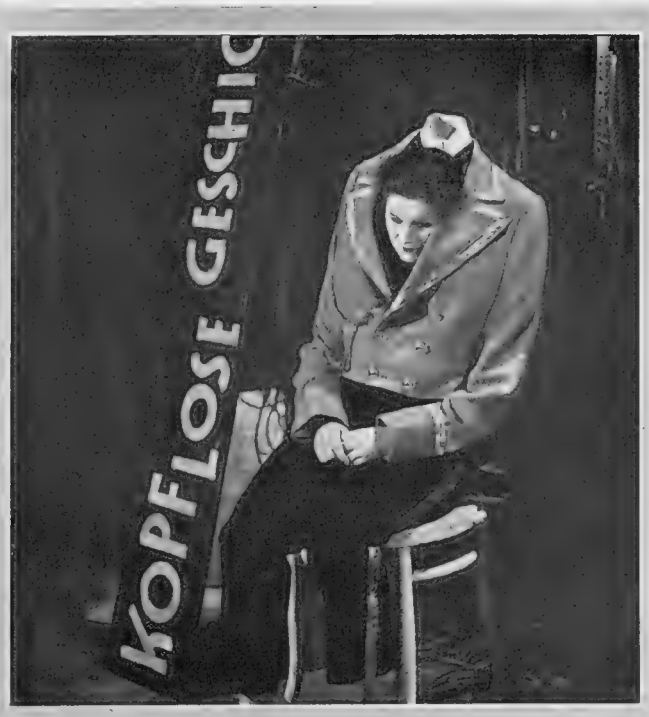
THE DRESSING ROOM: Here contracts are signed, letters written (or dictated), and visitors are received. Rasfelli is here seen catching up with his correspondence

NOT AN INFANT PRODIGY but the twenty-year-old acrobatic *danseuse* of a Lilliput Troupe. All manner of turns jostle in the wings by night

MICKEY AND MINNY: The popular film comedians have their living counterparts in variety—one of whom is weary with the strain of the performance

VAUDEVILLE: BE-

Rehearsals in variety are not the carefully organized and meticulously arranged performances that take place in the theatre; the fact that the bill changes weekly and there are two or three performances given per day renders this impossible. Practice is snatched in odd moments—



WAITING: A danseuse in a popular Continental turn entitled "Headless History," snatches a rest while awaiting her cue, while dressed in her stiff and heavy costume

SCANNING THE SCORE: The ballet dancers have a "quick run through"—i.e. a rapid glance over the sequence of their movements—while waiting for the curtain to rise

VETTED!: The musical elephant overhauled before making his entrance. On the left is the artiste who plays the right foreleg of the animal, preparing to "dress his part"

HIND THE SCENES

before the curtain rises, in the dressing-room, in the wings, or even while changing. Music—a vital portion of almost every turn—is rehearsed in the most sketchy manner while the scenery is being unpacked, and the divergences between props and stage masked it.

—PLAYS

Equity v. equity: Russian and English Art Productions: Talkie Recruits

By PHILIP PAGE

With "Buy British" looming large in the world of the theatre, as everywhere else, the question has inevitably been revived of Protection in a very drastic form in the matter of actors and actresses, or those officially described as such. Although the spate of leading ladies from America and of American comedians is not so considerable as it was some time ago, there is agitation in certain quarters that they should be sent packing.

In the case of those who have settled down here for years, almost to the extent of becoming *plus royaliste que le roi*, this would be unfortunate. But there is another aspect, and not a sentimental one. Quite apart from the somewhat superficially patriotic gesture such a step would involve, and apart also from our old friend, the argument that art is cosmopolitan and knows no barriers, there is such a thing as Equity. In England we have equity but no Equity. In America, though law is generally regarded as being in a groggy condition, Equity is firm and writ large. Equity can, and does, dictate in no unmistakable terms not only what American players shall do, but whether English players shall appear in America at all.

Now far more English players are appearing in America than American players in England. Broadway is full of them. If we are too drastic in our expulsion of our professional visitors, Equity will retaliate. English players will be sent back to London. Some of them will go to swell the unemployment in the theatre, which is already considerable. That would be serious. Others would get jobs. That would be more serious still. Actors and actresses of peculiar incompetence and with dreadful personalities whom I had imagined safely tucked away in America for ever would reappear in London. No, I think we had better leave things as they are.

No one who has not experienced the maelstrom of activity in a vaudeville theatre on a Monday can imagine, merely seeing the performance in the evening, what Herculean and Homeric efforts have gone to make the show run at all—let alone with the swift efficiency that characterizes almost every variety house. Behind the scenes all is hustle and bustle, test and retest, with much argument where the director has to bring his diplomatic abilities into play. The famous danseuse is almost in tears over her clothes, the musical elephant has developed trouble and requires a mechanical vet, four-legged footballers are temperamental in the new surroundings, scenery does not fit, and the ballet-dancers find things unsatisfactory. But with odd pieces of canvas masking in the gaps, a maximum of goodwill, and no little practical and technical ability, the weekly—almost the nightly—miracle is performed

Among foreign visitors of another sort, who are merely birds of passage, are the members of the Moscow Arts Theatre Company, one of whose productions, *The Government Inspector*, I have just seen at the Kingsway. It was interesting from the word Gogol. I know no Russian (though a performance of this same play in near-English at the Duke of York's some years ago helped a good deal), but a more than able company made it thoroughly intelligible and showed a lively sense of comedy into the bargain. Indeed, these Russians seemed to me a lively lot. The Moscow Art Theatre, it may be explained, split in two several years ago, some little pigs going to market and some little pigs staying at home. The ones at the Kingsway are, of course, those who did *not* stay at home.

Meanwhile, our own Arts Theatre has not been idle. It never is idle, even if it does not always hit the mark, and if its idea of a "revel" has about as much of the carnival spirit in it as there is in Ibsen or Dostoievsky. It gave a young author a chance the other night by producing Mr. Lionel Hale's *Passing Through Lorraine*. Mr. Hale has just passed, or is passing, through Oxford, and naturally attached himself to the O.U.D.S. There is, however, strikingly little that is immature about his play, unless it be his youthful cynicism. The idea that the death of Joan of Arc was followed by the appearance of a number of pseudo-Joans (just as the death of Louis XVII was followed by the appearance of about thirty people claiming to be that unfortunate youth) has been chosen by him as the basis for a fantastic little play that is yet not too fantastic. He mixes up the fifteenth and the twentieth centuries in airy fashion, and puts into his pseudo-Joan some extremely pert and modern words and phrases which might conceivably jar the pious—unless it is fully realized that this *is* intended to be a false Joan and not a real one.

"I PRESENT . . .": The director of the vaudeville performance, items from which appear in the centre of this double page, signals the end of one turn and the beginning of another by sounding a gong

But Mr. Hale can really write for the theatre, which is more than can be said of some dramatists of double his age and experience. He has a true sense of character—that gloomy troubadour is quite a novel personage—and his humour is never far absent, without being too persistent. Miss Thea Holme, who plays Joan, made her name at the Oxford Playhouse, and then came to London to make a still bigger one in *Those Naughty Nineties* at the Criterion. She is one of the best *ingénues* we have had for a long time, but at present is not very much more than an *ingénue*. Yet she is a delightful person, obviously with brains, and is not socially obsessed, which is a good thing for both her career and her accent.

Anyone who contemplates writing a revue—and there seems to be room, for at the moment there is not one revue running in London—had better read without delay Noel Coward's preface to his collected *Sketches and Lyrics*. If the "snags" therein enumerated do not frighten him off altogether he will probably write a good one. For there are two things which have to be watched in constructing a revue—the "running order" and the leading lady. Probably the latter is the more difficult, being less human. She can (and, by Heaven, she does) have the whole show twisted upside down because she won't "follow" another female member of the cast who has a number likely to make a hit—in the highly improbable event of anyone but the leading lady being allowed to retain a number of such a type. Comedians, too, have a habit of refusing to play parts which they think will not suit them. In the long ago I was concerned in writing a revue in which the leading comedian turned down nearly every character offered to him in the various sketches with the remark, "That's not *me*."

It was useless to point out to him that, being an actor, his primary job was to pretend to be a lot of other people, and that he was being paid about eight times the salary of an Admiral of the Fleet for doing so. He simply repeated "They're not *me*," and soon became so little of himself so far as that entertainment was concerned that he retired from the cast during the early rehearsals.

I do not imagine that Mr. Coward, now being rich as the result of *Cavalcade* and *Bitter Sweet*, will ever again embark on the stormy seas of revue-making. *Cavalcade*, Mr. Cochran informs me, is "booked solid" for months and months. I do not see why it should not last for ever, not because it is superlatively good as a play (it is not) but because it is a brilliantly effective mirror of our own times.

Two important recruits from the legitimate stage to the films. Mr. Henry Ainley, who has so often refused tempting offers, has at last succumbed and that glorious voice will be preserved for the ages. I trust Mr. Ainley will eventually be seen—and heard—in "talkie" Shakespeare. This is a splendid field which has, as yet, hardly been exploited at all. The version of *The Taming of the Shrew* by Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Miss Mary Pickford was a poor affair in all but the scenery—and I am insular enough, at any rate in this respect, not to be able to relish Shakespeare performed with a Hollywood accent.

The other recruit is Miss Margaret Bannerman, who is to make a film at Wembley with Mr. Adolphe Menjou. Miss Bannerman has a glittering attractiveness and a sense of comedy and, as Lydia in Dr. Harold Dearden's *Two White Arms*, she should be at her best. The cast is to include Mr. Claude Allister (an Englishman who is a big film star in America), Miss Jean Cadell, Mr. Athole Stewart, and Mr. Gordon Harker.

The Anatomist at the Westminster Theatre continues to flourish, and is now being varied by a series of special matinées of *The Unquiet Spirit*, an adaptation of that sad but beautiful French play, *L'Ame en Peine*. It is a story of two particularly unhappy lovers who are haunted by a ghostly mystery in the background and never achieve their souls' desire. Strangely enough, it is not so morbid or so depressing as it may seem, and, though it is scarcely a hilarious entertainment, it holds the interest throughout. Miss Gillian Scaife's performance is very fine indeed.

THE DINING-ROOM: The exiguous shelter of a white hunter on *safari*. Among other things that must be carried is a fully-stocked medicine chest and various devices to pass away the evenings

THE WHITE HUNTER

The White Hunter's duties are varied and troublesome. Not only has one to "cover" with the rifle the nervous amateur hunter or notorious bad shot, and save him from annihilation at times, as well as procure him a trophy which (owing to a slight element of doubt) he may call his own, but he must be chief commissariat officer, medico, and a dozen other things as well.

He must be at his client's shoulder when he shoots, and must stand between him and the consequence should there be a charge. He must praise pluck and discourage foolhardiness, without being rude, and detect the signs of strength, or of nerves overtaxed, and prescribe accordingly.

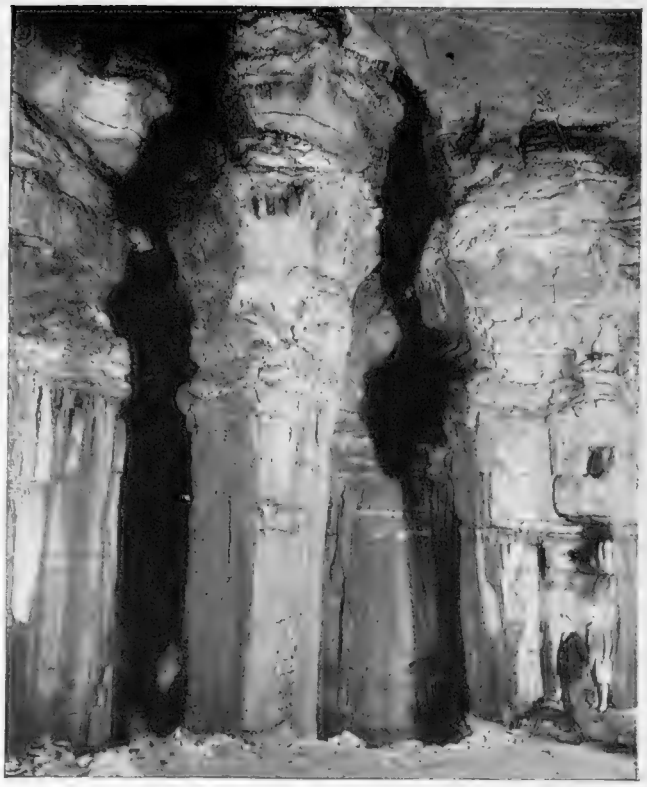
Another task the hunter must discharge is that of keeping folk amused in camp in the evenings. The gramophone helps tremendously; and sometimes the hunter can arrange that the local natives shall give a dance. But it depends on the hunter's reputation; the natives are not always eager.

He must also know something of doctoring and rough surgery in case of wounds or fever. R. C.

BAIT: A zebra lashed to the trunk of a tree tempts the lion to enjoy an easy meal, only to encounter the patron's dubious and the hunter's certain bullet, but the patron gets the benefit of the doubt

FULLY FED: A lion in Tanganyika territory in a condition of repletion which renders her harmless unless unduly interfered with. Purse-proud patrons, however, have a knack of stirring up trouble

THE HUNTER AND HIS KILL: The unsung hero of a hundred treks and a thousand adventures, who must combine the qualities of soldier, diplomat, doctor, staff officer, entertainer, and life-saver!



THE RUINS OF KARNAK: A detail for the mammoth cave of Kentucky, U.S.A., wherein animal life has evolved in an eyeless state and the vegetation has been bleached to a leprous white

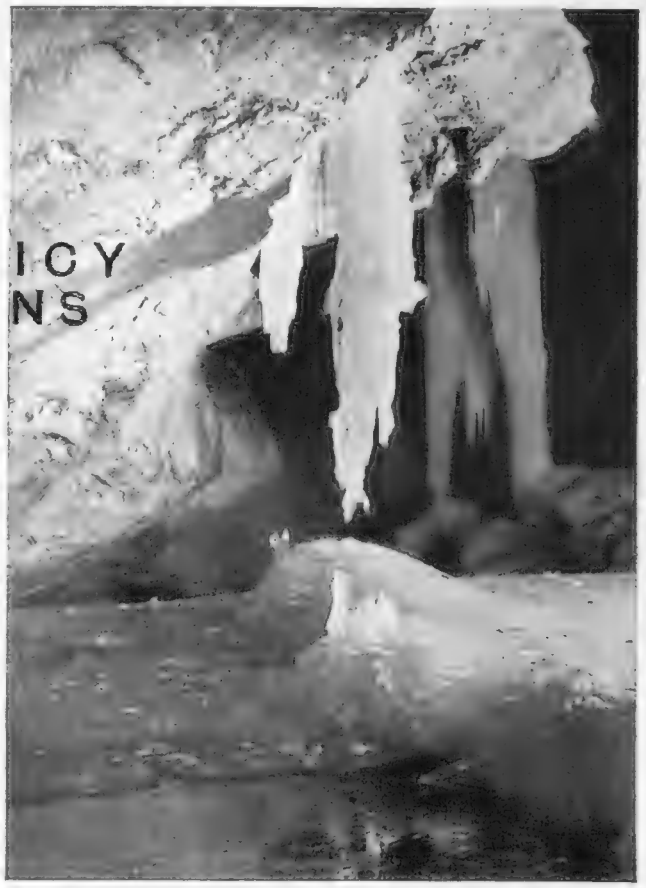
THREE ICY CAVERNS

The subterranean always exerts a strong allure on the mind, and the three caves reproduced on this page are very typical of the variety of underground formations present. Near the Ruins of Karnac runs Echo River.

This river, 360 ft. underground, is traversed by boat for a distance of half a mile, and a ride over its clear waters is one of the most unique experiences of the world. Nowhere else can it be duplicated. Nearly all the river is one vast resonating chamber. Nowhere else on earth, or in it, can such a rich tone be heard, coming back to one with ever diminishing volume as it rolls down along the unknown halls and reverberates from secret chamber walls.

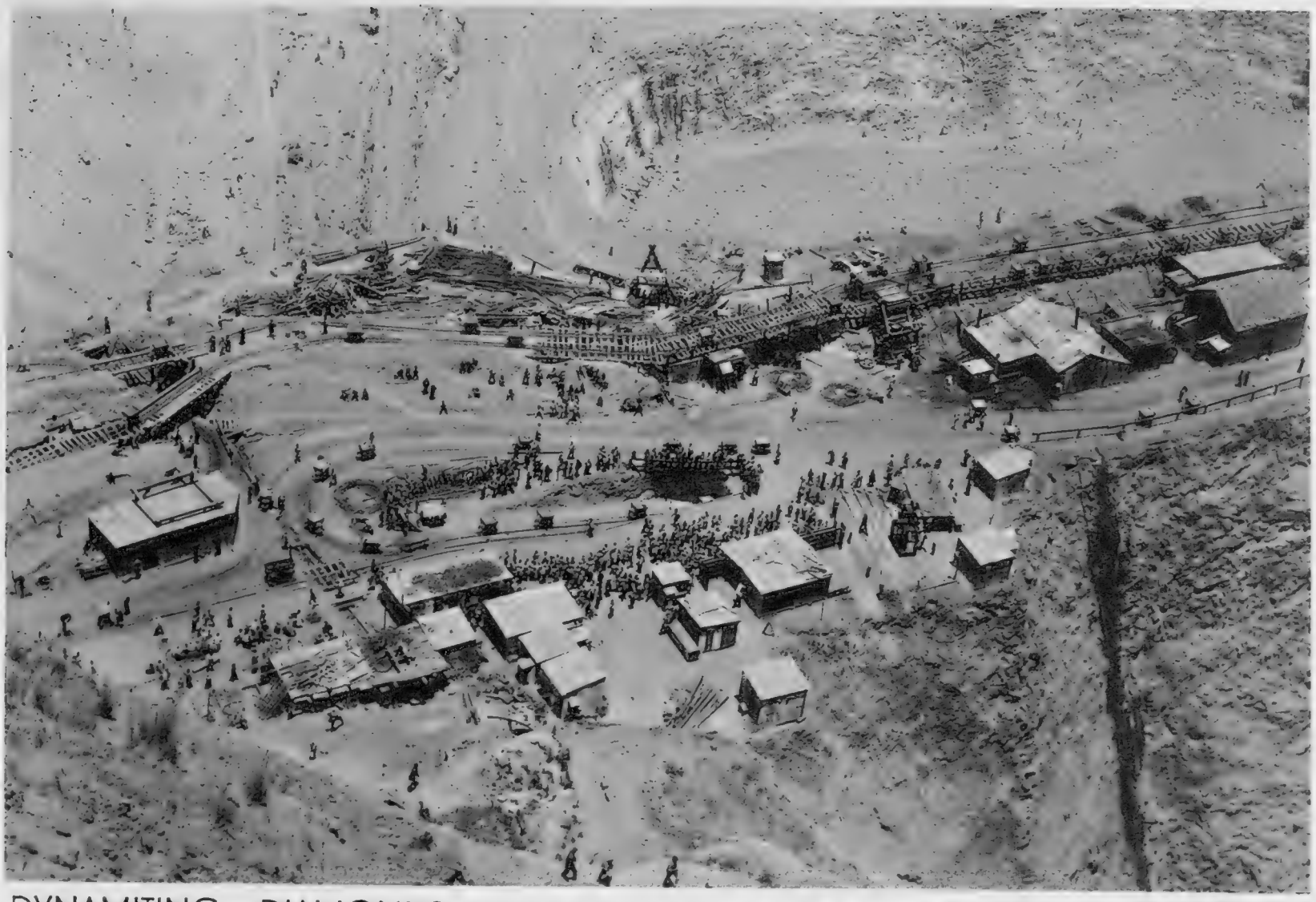
The bottom picture shows the approach to the largest underground lake yet discovered—found this year near the Grotto of Postumia by Professor Alviani of Trieste, Mr. and Mrs. Mülhofer of Vienna, and Dr. Wolf of Berlin.

This group covered a most arduous route via a rope ladder, but later their road became painfully narrow, and they had to creep along a passage barely 2 ft. high. The lake discovered is quite remarkable, not only for its size but also for the slope of the roof, which varies from 2 ft. to 150 ft. above the surface.



IN THE DEAD MOUNTAINS: The new ice cavern discovered in the Toten Gebirge, Austria. Not only are there gigantic ice stalactites, but there is on the floor a genuine ice sea

THE POSTUMIA GROTTO: The famous Italian phenomenon in which the greatest subterranean lake in the world—100 yards by 60—has just been discovered



DYNAMITING DIAMONDS—
IN THE PREMIER MINE HARD BY PRETORIA

This unusual picture shows the largest open diamond mine in the world. This is located just outside Pretoria and it employs thousands of men, some of whom are seen above awaiting the explosion of the daily blast before continuing their quest for the further examples of the hardest substance known. It was from this mine that the gigantic Cullinan Diamond was taken. Diamonds have uses other than the enhancing of feminine (rarely masculine) charms, for they are used in a variety of commercial and scientific processes

AFRICAN PANORAMA—
A VIEW OVER CAPETOWN FROM THE AIR

This impressive vista is to be seen from the new aerial cableway which takes visitors to Capetown to the top of the Table Mountain —that curiously flat-topped, truncated cone which dominates the Cape of Good Hope from its altitude of 6,000 ft. and is a most popular spot for tourists and also for picnic parties. The peak to the right is known as the Lion's Head

Just off the borders of England and Scotland lies the island of Lindisfarne—or Holy Island, to which one can walk at low water across the shore. Notable mainly for its Benedictine priory, it is also famous for its castle, built in 1500. Lindisfarne has a magnificent religious historical tradition around St. Aidan and St. Cuthbert

"Broad, massive, high, and stretching far and held impregnable in war," sang Walter Scott in Marmion *of Tantallon, here seen from the landward side. It stands opposite the Bass rock at the entrance to the Firth of Forth. In 1924 the ruins came under the guardianship of the Office of Works*

The historic Kincardineshire site, Dunottar Castle, near Stonehaven, part of which dates from the time of Sir William Keith, A.D. 1392. The ruins are visited by countless tourists during the year. The castle is built on a rock on the foreshore between Aberdeen and Stonehaven

THREE CASTLES of the NORTH

Strung along the eastern shores of the northern section of this island are a number of romantically placed castles. Some are still inhabited, others are open to all the winds of heaven. They are nearly all of them placed upon spectacular masses of rock. Linked together they would form the objectives of a very interesting tour. One might start with Bamborough which is well equipped for the conditions of modern life, as also is the even more romantically placed castle at Lindisfarne which is perched upon a sudden uprush of rock upon a spit of land which thrusts itself out upon the North Sea from the Northumberland coast. Across the Border are the magnificent ruins of Tantallon from which a fine view of the Bass Rock is obtained. This splendidly placed pile is full of memories of Mary Queen of Scots and Bothwell. Still farther north is Dunottar, which is possibly one of the most imposing of all the ruined castles of Scotland. It existed in the seventh century and was dismantled during the Commonwealth. Here it was that the Scottish regalia was kept for a time during the Commonwealth period.

THE SPH

One does not easily forget seeing Ceylon climb up out of the waste of waters, and the first entering of the picturesque harbour of Colombo, with its forests of masts and crafts of all kinds at anchor or alongside the quays, from the ocean-going liner and tramp steamer or collier, rust-red and slouching of gait, to the tiny sampan-like row boats which surround one's steamer directly the harbour is entered.

In the background of most vistas of the island there is always the cone-shaped and far-famed Adam's Peak rising to an altitude of 7,353 ft. amid a belt of surrounding hills and a confused labyrinth of rivers, deep gorges, towering pinnacles, and rocks.

It is the fine climate of Ceylon that makes the island so attractive to the winter holiday-makers. In fact one can obtain very much the climate one most fancies; for on the coast there is the heat that one would anticipate from its geographical position, while in the delightful hills a much fresher climate is experienced. From October to May the prevailing winds are from the north-east, during the rest of the year chiefly from the south-west. The recurring changes of temperature are, as is the case in tropical zones, more steady in rotation than in a temperate zone. This causes Ceylon in the winter months to have special attractions for those who are delicate or recovering from an illness.

Colombo is not only the capital but the chief of the four principal ports and harbours, and it has become one of the finest harbours in the East.

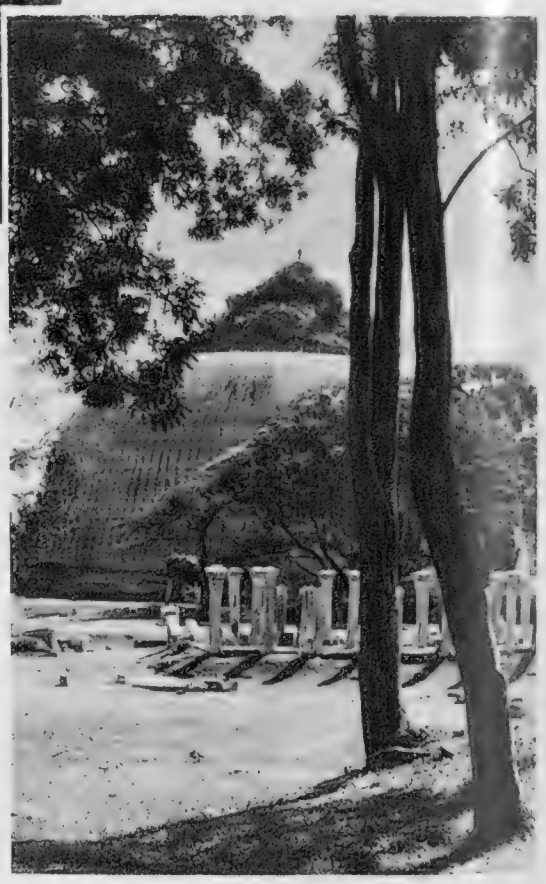
As a great port Colombo has for many years possessed good hotels, several of which nowadays have been improved and so brought up to date that they rank

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

The ISLAND of SPICE-LADEN BREEZES

The Pearl of the Indian Ocean, Ceylon, is a Charming Winter Holiday Resort

It did not need a prominent politician and his family to decide to make Ceylon the objective of their winter holiday to call attention to this delectable and fascinating isle set in an azure Eastern sea. But the fact that they have done so is drawing others to follow their example, and "spend British" and "travel British" on one or other of the magnificent liners which either go on definite holiday to the beautiful island or, bound elsewhere, make it a port of call.



A MIGHTY EDIFICE OF CEYLON: Ruanelli Dagoba, built by King Dulugemunu after his conquest in single combat of the Tamil invader, King Elara. Ceylon is very rich indeed in archæological and historical treasures—including the ancient city of Anurad Lapura buried in the jungle

ERE OF TRAVEL

with the luxury hotels of other countries. Of these the Galle Face Hotel, a fine block of buildings with palms waving in the forecourt, which takes its name from the park or recreation ground much frequented by the inhabitants of Colombo, is perhaps the most distinguished.

Colombo is not only a pleasant town—though some may find the climate a little enervating and desire to get away to the hills—but is also a handsome one, with a fine shopping centre with imposing buildings in Prince's Street which is pleasantly shaded, and in York and Queen Streets near by.

At first the traveller is somewhat confused by the sex of those Cingalese who have not adopted European fashions. The men are, indeed, not easily distinguished from their wives, sisters, and daughters, as they both wear their hair knotted up behind and adorned by high-backed tortoiseshell combs. The dusky Tamils never fail to attract by reason of the (to Europeans) mysterious markings on their foreheads relating to religious castes. There are in Colombo—for it is truly a cosmopolitan place—descendants of the Dutch settlers who dominated the island for nearly a century and a half, and have left traces of this in the Burgher quarter of the city, and the remains of the Dutch settlement at Galle; Moors, who wear curious hats without brims; Eurasians, Malays, and Indians of various tribes, and of course Europeans.

In the hotels one soon learns to pick out the planters from the tea and rubber estates, by their faces burned almost to the colour of mahogany, and their predilection for whiskies and sodas and iced drinks, which they order by shouting imperatively at the waiters who, in Ceylon, are all called "boys" irrespective of their age.

A drive at sundown along one of the three roads which pass through the Galle Face is delightful, and there are many natives and others to be seen on the immensely long lawn—it is at least a mile long and 300 yds. in width for European games; tennis, cricket, hockey, and football have taken a firm hold in Ceylon.

The chief social centre is the oval building of the Colombo (European) Club, where travellers with credentials are always sure of a welcome, and information and assistance to make their visit a pleasant one are willingly given. It is a very cheery and bustling place in the season, and especially during the Race Week in August. Near by is the War Memorial, from the design of Sir Edwin Lutyens, nothing out of the way but a slim, elegant white column or obelisk, which one can see when far out at sea and approaching the port.

Very interesting is it to explore the native quarter of the city, which lies beyond that of the Fort, and is known as the Pettah. As one approaches it one meets many bullock carts, with queer, palm-thatched roofs or coverings, laden with tea, coffee, or rubber, making their way towards the docks where they will be shipped, along the red-coloured *cabook* or laterite roads which are excellent as to surface. The hackories, quaint little native carts, much favoured by the Cingalese, with their occupants seated perilously with their legs dangling, form the other chief vehicles seen on the outskirts of the city and country roads, with here and there a few motor lorries, and the cars of planters coming from or going back to their plantations.

The streets of the native quarter are always crowded; and there is an amazing number of nationalities represented in the bargaining crowds round the shops and stalls. One sees barbers shaving their customers in the open air; Chetties—men from southern India—with heads shaved as clean as billiards balls; and all sorts of pedlars. Other denizens of this quarter are playing some game with dirty packs of cards, squatted cross-legged on the side of the street or roadway. The money changers always seem busy.

There are plenty of brown babies about—delightful and playful little creatures—mostly quite naked except for a string or two of beads. And the stalls are a gay sight with their piles of gay-coloured fabrics and brilliant-hued fruits.

There still survive in the Pettah, though modernisation has of recent years removed many ancient things, two Buddhist temples in Sea Street, which should not be overlooked. One has a multiplicity of figures crowded upon its ornate roof.

From the top of the white lighthouse clock tower with the arch at its base, which stands at the intersection of Queen and Chatham Streets, a magnificent view is obtained of the city and harbour, which is well worth the climb to see.

The inland scenery in Ceylon, especially of the hills, is beautiful, often, indeed, lovely almost beyond adequate description. The road to Maskeliya and onwards to the vicinity of Adam's Peak, on the summit of which there is a curious depression about 5 ft. 6 in. in length and half as wide, reverenced by Buddhists as being the imprint of Buddha's foot, passes through a charming countryside. The rivers of Ceylon provide incredibly lovely and interesting scenery, with the tiny picturesque villages of red-roofed bungalow-like houses, and the strange roofed-in boats lying thickly along the banks, and palms, feathery bamboos, and other luxuriant foliage beautifying the scene.

Of waterfalls there are plenty in the hills; some, like the famous Bamboda Falls, of surpassing loveliness descending from the

(*Continued on p.* 426)

THE ISLAND OF FRAGRANT SPICES: A delightful terrace tea garden overlooking the surf-beaten shore of Mount Lavinia, the famous bathing beach which is to Ceylon what Waikiki is to Hawaii. Mount Lavinia is a pleasant palm-marked drive from Colombo

CROSSING THE LINE

The Fifth of a Series of Short Articles Describing Life on Board and Ports of Call Encountered on an Ocean Cruise

In this age of 30-knot and 60,000 ton liners, the old traditions of the sea are dying one by one. But one time-honoured custom to which seafarers still cling is the ceremony of Crossing the Line. Why they do so is obvious, if you have ever been baptised on the equator and watched the glee of the old sea dogs who take part in the fun.

The ship's weekly programme issued as we left Manila, stated against a certain day:

"Neptune, his day. Wear your oldest clothes and leave the rest to His Oceanic Majesty."

"What happens?" demanded the passengers, every time they passed the inquiry office, or one of the ship's officers. "What *is* all this Crossing the Line business?"

"Ah," came the stock reply, "we would advise you to keep out of the way when it happens. You'll find out soon enough."

Old stagers among the passengers went further. With twinkling eyes they gave lurid descriptions of harmless voyagers being tarred and feathered, tied to the mast, forced to walk the plank and a hundred and one other pleasant ordeals.

But at length the fatal day arrived. During the morning the ship seemed quiet and empty, and an unprecedented number of lunches were ordered in state rooms. With the approach of 3 p.m.—the hour fixed for the momentous crossing, curiosity overcame apprehension, and the decks were lined with passengers prepared to see almost anything, from a white line painted across the ocean to goodness knows what.

They were not disappointed. A hoot from the siren, a blast on a trumpet, and there, on the forward deck, right underneath the bridge, stood the strangest crowd of spectres imaginable.

Mermaids in slimy, green vesture, with emerald coloured hair hanging to their hips; pirates with scarred faces and villainous whiskers, clad in sacks sashes, rags, and ear-rings; nigger minstrels with—could you imagine anything more incongruous?—saxophones; and all of them grouped around a tall, central figure clad in green and gold, wearing a crown and brandishing a trident.

"Ahoy, there!" bellowed this regal personage, pointing his prongs towards the bridge, "What vessel is this, and who are you who dares to trespass on King Neptune's royal domain?"

The bravest man would be forgiven for wilting in the face of such a challenge but, steady and clear comes the answer:

"I am John Smith, captain of the steamship *Mary Ann* bound for Java" (or words to that effect). "And an old acquaintance of Your Majesty."

"To you, Captain John Smith," says the ancient monarch, "I accord a hearty welcome. But as for your passengers and crew, I must first examine them and, if they have not credentials clear, then they must pay the penalty or return the way they came."

And forthwith, to the tune of "Sailing, sailing over the bounding main," he and his retinue march along the deck to a throne previously prepared for them on a platform over one of the canvas swimming tanks.

It is not long before the first victim is arrested. The prosecuting counsel reads, in solemn tones, the charge on which the prisoner is being tried. Defending counsel then, with tears in his eyes, pleads for his client, but since the brief he holds relates to a totally different crime from the one in question, it has little effect on either the court or King Neptune.

Shaking his venerable locks in indignation, His Oceanic Majesty then pronounces the penalty.

"Prisoner at the bar, I sentence you to be shaved by my royal barber, to examination by the court doctor, to walk the plank and be cast to the bears in the mighty deep."

The barber then comes forward with an enormous paint brush and a pail of treacle, flour, and blacklead After generously lathering the victim and pretending to shave him with a wooden razor, he passes him on to the doctor (not in any way connected with the ship's surgery). After a few pinches and punches the medical gentleman fills the initiate's mouth with soap pills and pushes him on to the slippery plank, from which he falls with a great splash into the swimming tank, and is ducked by the bears, who are there in bathing costumes for that purpose.

The treatment is unpleasant while it lasts, but few are unwilling, after enjoying the sight of others doing their penance, to submit and give the audience a little more amusement. Even the Old Sea Dogs themselves do not escape entirely from the ceremonies.

The crimes attributed to the novices are mostly ridiculous and imaginary, but some have a sting of truth about them that earns them much appreciation when they are announced.

A millionaire, notorious for his prodigious buying habits throughout the cruise, is accused of asking the price of Hong Kong; a famous American beauty prize-winner is indicted for hiding from press reporters and camera men, and the ship's worst flirt for being constantly shy and shunning men's company. Two girl twins are punished for being so much alike that they cause much confusion among their male followers, and a high-spirited student is accused of turning the ship into a floating rodeo.

Later in the day, when faces have been scrubbed, and spoilt clothes discarded, the newly-fledged Sea Dogs were comforted with diplomas exonerating them (perhaps) from future baptisms, and a special Neptune Dinner was served.

THE TRADITIONAL CEREMONY: King Neptune superintends the initiation of those who have not yet traversed the Equator

SEA GULLS

With the arrival of stormy weather the most voracious, the most quarrelsome, and the most mournfully noted of birds, the seagull, abandons the open water of his name for the land. Grey and glaucous gulls have thronged the metropolis of late, penetrating even to Hyde Park, and taking entire possession of the Embankment. Their evolutions—especially seen in close-up—are more amusing when some choice piece of offal is at stake amongst them

THE AIR A FLUTTER OF WINGS: A scene in Sunderland when the gulls had been driven in by rough weather

LONDON'S FAIR-WEATHER FRIENDS: Three studies of gulls fighting for food on the Embankment

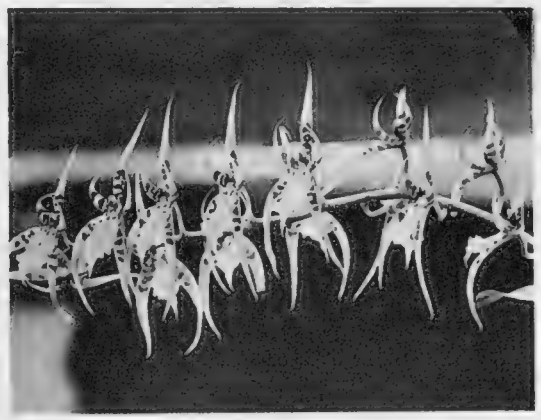
MAKING INLAND: A group of gulls has made its appearance near the Serpentine

ORCHIDS

VANDA SUAVIS, an opulent orchid displaying the evil atmosphere typical of these blooms

LACHIA SCHRODERIANA: An exquisite white blossom with a strongly contrasting darker centre

LAELIOCATTLEA CARAVAN: A curled variety priced at fifty guineas per plant



BRASSIA LAUCCANA: A group of which gives the appearance of a floral ballet troupe

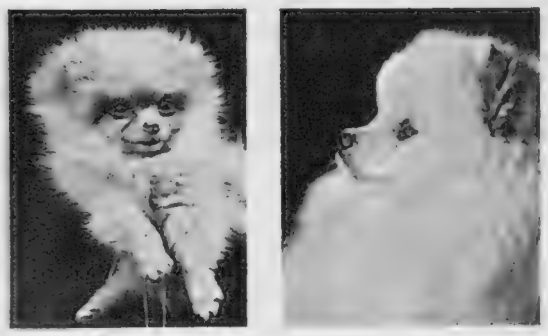
The recent fortnightly show of the Royal Horticultural Society held in Grey Coat Street, Westminster, was notable for the remarkable exhibits on view for the end of November. The four varieties of orchid reproduced above give some indication of the quality of the flowers exhibited. Orchids have a characteristic atmosphere of tropic opulence and equally tropical evil, most markedly seen in the specimen shown in the top picture. The frivolity of the variety shown in the bottom picture is not at all characteristic

PUPPIES

There was quite a "Little Season" in the dog world last month, for several small dog shows have been held. Two or three especially fine and attractive exhibits are reproduced below. Specimens of Pomeranians (a breed now enjoying a revival of popularity) and bulldogs were exhibited at shows held by the controlling bodies of these breeds. Puppies of the popular Samoyeds and the equally popular Afghan hounds are also shown

BRITISH! Mrs. Ivy Palmer's bull puppies seen at the Bulldog Society's Show

MOUSE-HOUNDS! Six-week-old Samoyed puppies in great excitement pursuing an unusual quarry



POMERANIANS: Escott Fairy Queen and Silver Twinkle, two notable Poms recently exhibited

THREE LITTLE NIGGER BOYS: A delicious trio of little black seven-week-old Pomeranians

AT DACCOMBE KENNELS: A litter of Afghan hounds bred near Torquay

WOMEN

Miss Peggy Salaman in Cape Town, and Other Stars in the Feminine Sky

"DONE IT!" Miss Peggy Salaman in the cockpit of her Puss Moth, *Good Hope*, in which she, ably assisted by Mr. Gordon Store, a professional pilot, succeeded in lowering the record to Cape Town to 5 days 8½ hours

THE LADY AND THE 'PLANE: The moment of arrival at Cape Town when exhilaration triumphed over fatigue. Both Miss Salaman and the machine are to be praised

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!" Miss Salaman travelled with a revolver and, of course, with maps on her record-breaking journey; on arrival she was loth to be parted from her hitherto inseparable companions

A BELATED MANICURE: One of Miss Peggy Salaman's first acts on arriving in Cape Town after her record-breaking flight was to have her finger-nails freed from the grime and oil that her effort had entailed upon them

SHOPPING BOUND: Miss Salaman, in her informal flying kit, goes out in Cape Town with a friend to replenish her wardrobe

THE TRIBUTE OF THE POPULACE of Cape Town was expressed in a gigantic bouquet presented to Miss Salaman when she went to the Bioscope Theatre with Mrs. Stephan, the Mayoress of Capetown

DEBUT: Miss Laura Hays, daughter of an eminent U.S. lawyer, is making her Parisian debut at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre. She is playing in French

ENTRANCE: Miss E. G. Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gould of America, has just passed brilliantly into the National Conservatoire of Music and Declamation, Paris

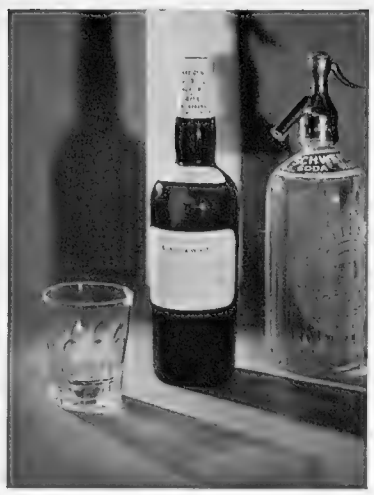
THE SPEED KING'S DAUGHTER: A daughter has just been born to Squadron-Leader and Mrs. Orlebar and has been named Bridget Gay. Squadron-Leader Orlebar was the Captain of the British High Speed Flight which this year won outright the Schneider Trophy by flying over the course, and also established a speed record. This picture was taken at Tetworth Hall, Sandy, Bedford

THE PARTY FROCK: Miss Brenda Deane Paul in her costume for the ball given by Mr. Arthur Jeffress at the Regent's Park residence of Miss Maude Allan, the once-famous dancer

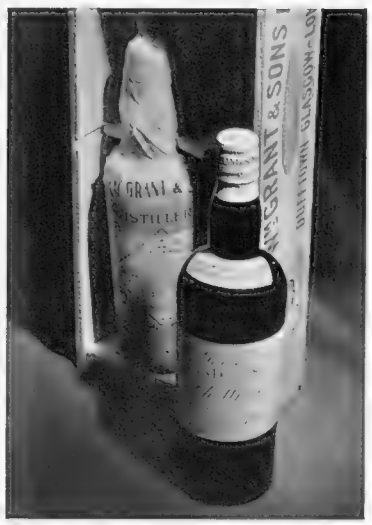
MORE CH

The Second Instalment of "The Sphere's"

What an ideal Christmas gift this chair would be! It is made in three lengths of seat to suit persons of different heights. The frames are of seasoned hardwood and the seat is double-sprung. Minty Ltd., of Oxford. Price from £3 15s.



On left — Buchanan's Black and White Whisky is too well known to need introduction. This bottle costs 12s. 6d.



On left below— To meet a popular demand, Grant's "Standfast" Whisky is obtainable in special Christmas gift cases containing from one to six bottles. Price 12s. 6d. a bottle

On right above— Here is a suitable gift for the invalid. Doctor's Chinatea, an excellent and easily digested brew, is sold at 3s., 3s. 8d., and 4s. 2d. per pound

On right— United Kingdom Tea finds favour in many homes. It costs 2s. 4d. per pound

On extreme left — The Antiquary is well known as a fine brand of Scotch Liqueur Whisky. Why not send a gift box to your friends? It is priced at 12s. 6d. a bottle. J. and W. Hardie of Edinburgh

On left—No one can receive a bottle of "Vat 69" Whisky without feeling the warmth and friendship that it carries with it. W. Sanderson and Sons, Ltd. Price 12s. 6d.

On extreme left — Another solution to the "present problem" is a bottle or, better still, two bottles of the famous Johnnie Walker Whisky. Price 12s. 6d.

On left — King George IV Whisky is a brand that is looked upon with favour by many men-folk. It costs 12s. 6d. a bottle

On extreme left — If you wish to add to the gaieties of the festive season what could be more fitting than this mellow beverage? Buchanan's Liqueur Whisky. Price 13s. 6d.

On left—Here is a whisky with tradition behind it, for, for 175 years the secret of its preparation has remained in one family. Drambuie Liqueur Whisky. Price 17s. 6d. a bottle

This year, in a time when economy has become a necessity, a very large number of Christmas gifts are taking a practical form, and there need be no fear that the article which helps to swell the store cupboard will be despised. On this page is illustrated a very wide variety of utilitarian presents, which are all well within the means of a modest purse. The spirits and wine—remember—help to foster the goodwill that is the natural accompaniment to this festive season—a season of infectious gaiety and happiness. And, moreover, can you imagine how delighted one would be to receive a decorative canister of Mazawattee tea such as is shown above? It is Empire tea, too, and is sold in canisters containing one half-pound to six pounds, at prices ranging from 2s. 4d. to 3s. 8d. per pound. Another useful addition to the store cupboard would be a box of Macfarlane, Lang & Co.'s biscuits. Victoria Assorted are an excellent variety, costing 2s. 3d. a tin. They are a delicious chocolate biscuit, and being new are bound to command great popularity owing to the originality of the assortment

RISTMAS GIFTS

Suggestions to Wearied, Worried Present-Givers

Christmas will be upon us before we know where we are, and the shopping days that are left to us before that time are now getting alarmingly few. On this page a number of suggestions are given which will help you to solve the worrying problem of "What shall I give?"

There are gifts that are destined to convey your very good wishes to your friends of all ages and both sexes.

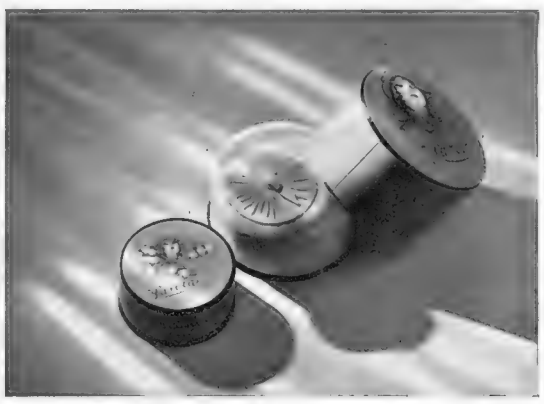
On right—The perfume is Houbigant's latest creation, "Festival," and it costs 37s. 6d. and the vanity case 11s.

Above—Here is a group of attractive gifts consisting of bath salts, scent, and soap, all perfumed with Honeysuckle. Floris of Jermyn Street

On right above — "Luvisca" pyjamas which are obtainable in a number of designs and colours would be greatly appreciated by the mere man

On right — A decorative box containing artistic playing cards will find favour with the bridge or poker enthusiasts. They are printed in several colours with gold edges. De La Rue and Co. Ltd.

Every woman will be pleased to receive a handbag whether it be for day or evening wear—Woollands of Knightsbridge have a large selection at prices to suit every purse



A deliciously fine powder and rouge which are made by manufacturers of Larola Skin Food would be appreciated by the discriminating woman. Beetham's Powder and Rouge. Price 2s. 6d. and 1s.

Top — Attractive caskets containing Abdulla cigarettes of Turkish, Egyptian, and Virginian blends are an excellent suggestion for family presents. Price 10s. 6d. per 100

Centre—Although tobacco and cigarettes cannot be numbered among the original gifts, they can be counted among the most popular and acceptable gifts for all occasions. Player's Tobacco and Cigarettes

Below—Craven "A" cigarettes are supplied in decorative boxes and caskets. They are all specially packed so that they retain the right degree of moisture. Carreras. Price from 5s. for 100

Scarves worn with a handbag to match are very much the vogue of the moment. One ensemble shown above is crêpe de chine, the bag costs 15s. and scarf 12s. 6d.; the other is a reversible scarf, cashmere one side and taffeta the other—price 21s., bag 14s. 6d. Marshall & Snelgrove's

On right — A unique gift for the traveller or sportsman is the "Vedet" pocket prism telescope, which is so convenient to carry as it is only 4 inches in length. From W. Watson & Son, Ltd., Holborn. Price complete with case £3 17s. 6d.

On right — "Tricoline" pyjamas, shirts or collars are other useful suggestions for the difficult male. They will be sure to meet with his approval

Pictures by Millar Harris

HELL WITH THE LID OFF: One of the small holes in the four-mile long rent made in the floor of the volcano Aniakebak. The eruption lasted nearly four weeks in full violence, during which ashes were flung 300 miles around

FROZEN WATER: Father Hubbard, S.J., manufactures his own cooking and washing water by melting down snow. This was the only method of obtaining water

CHRISTMAS IN THE SPRING: Eskimo children at Akulurak, on the lower Yukon, grin with delight at receiving the Christmas gifts brought to them by Father Hubbard's expedition

POT-HOOKS AND POT-HANGERS IN THE FROZEN NORTH: An Eskimo pupil at Akuberak, a Jesuit mission on the delta of the Yukon. Special attempts are being made to educate the Eskimo

NEWS from the FROZEN NORTH

Mountains of Flame in a Land of Ice: Educating the Eskimo

The Rev. Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J., stands to Alaska somewhat as Sir Wilfred Grenfell stands to Labrador—as the apostle of Western civilization to the frozen North. The head of the Geological Department of the University of Santa Clara, California, Father Hubbard has just returned from his latest trip to the Bering Sea. In the course of his eight months' stay he covered 1,600 miles by dog-sled from the interior of Alaska to the Bering Coast and back to Holy Cross Mission, whence he flew to the erupting volcano of Aniakebak. By 'plane, Father Hubbard—who is known as the Glacier Priest—covered 4,000 miles, most of which was over thitherto unflown territory. In addition to these long journeys he travelled 350 miles on foot, exploring the volcano with a student party. One of the most impressive of all sights during the trip was seen when the priest, robed in full canonicals, celebrated Mass on an altar improvised out of luggage covered with a spotless cloth, beside which stood the ice-axe of the geologist, while in file behind knelt the figures of his comrades, their bearded faces bowed in reverence. The figure of Father Hubbard rebuts the ancient charge that the Roman Church is antipathetic to science, and is also typical of his Society, for his work is not only charitable but largely educational. It is a Jesuit dictum that if they may control a child until it is seven no later influence can subvert their work.

ESKIMOAN PERAMBULATOR: Maggie and Theresa enjoy a stroll on the frozen Bering Sea. This method of carrying children is typical

A FISHER OF —— FISH! An Eskimoan lady of middle years carries out the instructions of Izaak Walton. She is seen fishing for Tom Cod through a hole in the ice that covers the Bering Sea in the winter months. Horn-rimmed spectacles have reached the Arctic!

"Player's Country Life"

SMOKING MIXTURE

1/1D. per oz.
and 2 oz. pocket tins at 2/2D.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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'TIS STILL THE BEST DISTILLED.

ABERLOUR GLENLIVET

MOUNTAIN CREAM
SCOTCH WHISKY

W. H. HOLT & SONS LIMITED, ABERLOUR-GLENLIVET DISTILLERY, ABERLOUR.
SCOTLAND.

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

LIGHT IN OUR DARKNESS.—Motorists will agree with me that we are getting our average quantity of fog this winter, and I think we should be too optimistic if we were to imagine that the worst is over. Speaking personally, there is no weather condition that I dread more than thick fog or mist. Snowstorms, whirlwinds, and extreme frost perturb me, but not nearly so much as a pea-souper. Science has performed many marvels, and it is, therefore, all the more remarkable that it has not yet produced for our guidance a beam of light that will penetrate fog, yet one day someone will surely accomplish the task. Fog in the daytime is, I think, just as unpleasant as during the hours of darkness, but whether it is day or night the first question the driver has to answer for himself is, what lamps shall I turn on? Except in big cities the daytime fog does not require the use of head-lights; in fact, side-lamps are only necessary to indicate to others the position of the car.

In the country during the daytime head-lamps are not necessary for the purposes of vision, but when night falls the driver is faced with a problem on which many experts disagree and which the beginner finds most difficult to solve. Head-lamps may be switched on, but if the atmosphere is very thick they merely make matters worse, particularly if they are badly adjusted and are tilting upwards. The proper equipment in such circumstances is the usual pair of side-lamps and a fog-lamp mounted on the near-side front dumb-iron with its rays directed on the near-side kerb about 10 ft. in front of the car. Instead of a fog-lamp an ordinary head-lamp is, I think, better, provided only one is used and it is tilted sideways and downwards. I find that the ordinary head-lamps, when fitted with Lucas's dipping mechanism, provide the best possible illumination for driving in fog. For some reason or other motorists as a class imagine that a yellow light is preferable where visibility is bad. I have never subscribed to this idea myself, and I was glad to be reminded by the Automobile Association that the International Illumination Congress recently held at Cambridge unanimously came to the conclusion that a yellow light did not improve penetration during fog. As a matter of fact coloured rays do nothing more than reduce the intensity of the light.

When conditions are very bad and one is on a strange road the position is very difficult, but the only thing to do in all cases is to drive as close to the left-hand kerb as possible and, if a passenger is on board, arrange with him or her to keep an eye on the kerb, whilst the driver stares ahead in case a collision might occur with a cyclist or other vehicle moving more slowly or actually stationary. When following this left-hand kerb there is always the danger of losing the main road and travelling up some side turning. However, if the driver is aware to such possibilities, any such unwanted change of direction will soon be noticed and duly rectified.

A SHORT BONNET IS BEST.—If the fog is really bad I always drive with the windscreen open, but in nine cases out of ten good visibility can be obtained by leaving the windscreen down and keeping the wiper working continuously. The latter removes all moisture and dirt which usually accompany a fog and are deposited on the glass. Again, if one possesses two cars it is advisable to take out that with the shorter bonnet, as this makes things much easier in what are always difficult circumstances. There is nothing better than a car like an Austin Seven or Morris Minor for quick travel when visibility is practically nil.

The R.A.C. inform me that they supply to their members transparent paper fog discs, and that a stock of these is kept in every R.A.C. road box for emergencies. Although they give an orange tint to the lamps' beams, they do not allow the light to penetrate farther, but by reducing its intensity they make driving more pleasant and produce a result which cannot be otherwise obtained except by comparatively expensive means. These discs, at any rate, are very popular, for since they were first introduced about twelve months ago over 200,000 sets have been distributed. They are made so that they can be easily fixed to the lamp glasses. For convenience they carry black concentric circles, thus enabling them to be cut accurately to any required diameter. They are packed in sets of four and are made in two sizes, but it must be remembered that they are only for temporary use. I would mention that they are supplied solely to members of the R.A.C. and no charge is made for them.

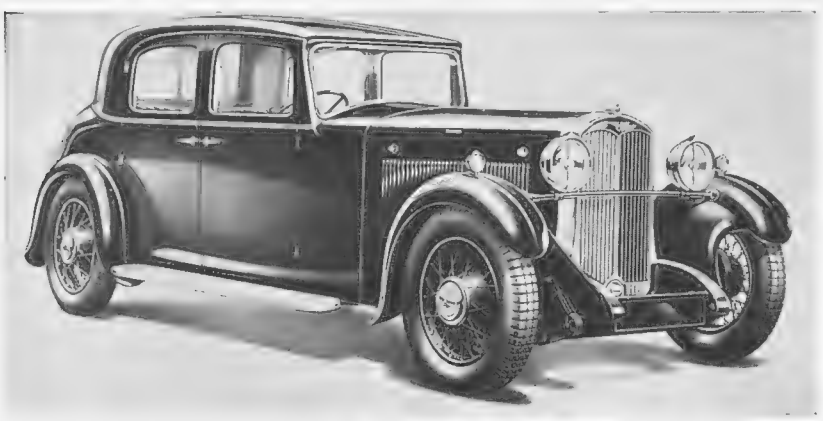
BRITISH-BUILT FORDS.—It was in May, 1929, that Mr. Edsel D. Ford turned the first sod of earth at Dagenham, and thus made an official start on the huge Ford factory which is now nearing completion. I do not think that the British public fully appreciate what is actually happening and will happen at this huge Ford factory. Some of us have been fortunate enough to go over and inspect large works in the Midlands and elsewhere, but the place at Dagenham is likely to make all other motor factories look like bathing-huts. Many motorists, whilst taking a slight interest in the Dagenham project, have rather sniffed at the idea and dismissed it with the thought that here was some foreign magnate bringing over from his country some workmen to erect a few buildings with foreign material, and that when the building was completed it would be nothing more or less than a camouflaged factory to make people in this country believe that the Ford was a British product. To show how wrong and far from the truth this picture is, let me give a few facts.

In the buildings are 5,000,000 British bricks, 600,000 sq. ft. of British glass, and 20,000 tons of British steel-work. This was the colossal order placed for the construction of the manufacturing building, the floor of which is covered with 8,500,000 wood blocks, but even these staggering figures are only part of the vast supplies which in a little over two years have been welded into a mighty entity by the efforts of British contractors and thousands of workmen.

THE LARGEST FURNACE IN THE WORLD.—If any of my readers are under the impression that this factory will be just one large assembly shop, let me ask them for what purpose are the Ford people installing a blast furnace which is now almost completed and where 500 tons of pig-iron can be produced every day? It is the only one in the south of England, and I believe I am right in saying that it is the largest in the world.

To give an idea of its appetite I can say that nearly 10,000 tons of coal ore, and limestone will be brought into the Thames every week to feed this hungry furnace. The yard from which the furnace will be supplied will hold 34,000 tons of coal, 122,000 tons of ore, and 11,500 tons of limestone. Impressive as all these figures are, those that are more welcome than all the others in this time of stress are that from 15,000 to 20,000 British workers will eventually be employed in producing Ford motor-cars. If this large number of our countrymen are going to fashion British steel, British glass, British rubber, and other British materials on British soil in a colossal British-built factory into a motor vehicle, the name which it bears will not prevent the products being all-British.

LUXURY ON WHEELS: A new 8-cylinder Stutz Saloon with an English body by Lancefield. The exterior finish is in orange and black and the interior is upholstered in soft leather with down-stuffed cushions. The two front seats are of the independent armchair type. Controllable ventilating scoops, which take in fresh air to the occupants, are fitted to the front wings



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FOLLOW-ME-LEADER.—A few hints to assist the motorist in getting along would not be out of place. First of all, speed must be well within the margin of safety, and should another car be caught up, the driver of the one behind should endeavour to curb his impatience because he may think that the leader is going too slowly. Drivers should remember that it is exceedingly dangerous to overtake a car when fog interferes with normal visibility. Most accidents take place in these circumstances when the atmosphere is thick. Again, it should not be forgotten that the conditions confronting the leading driver are almost bound to be worse than those which present themselves to others in the queue, the reason being that a motor-car in a thick fog acts like a snow plough, and those following behind find that the atmosphere compared with that of the front is comparatively clear.

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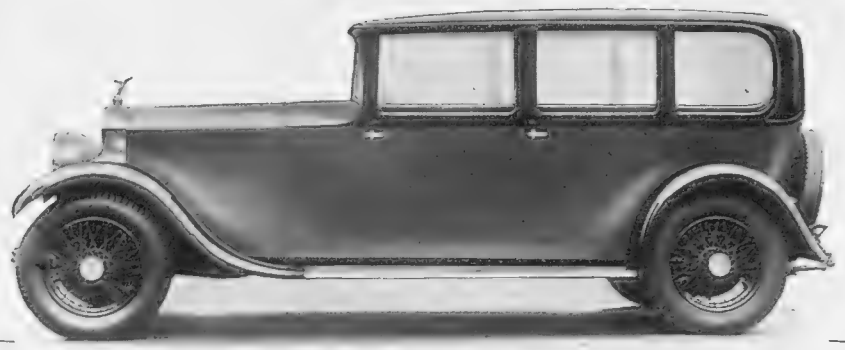

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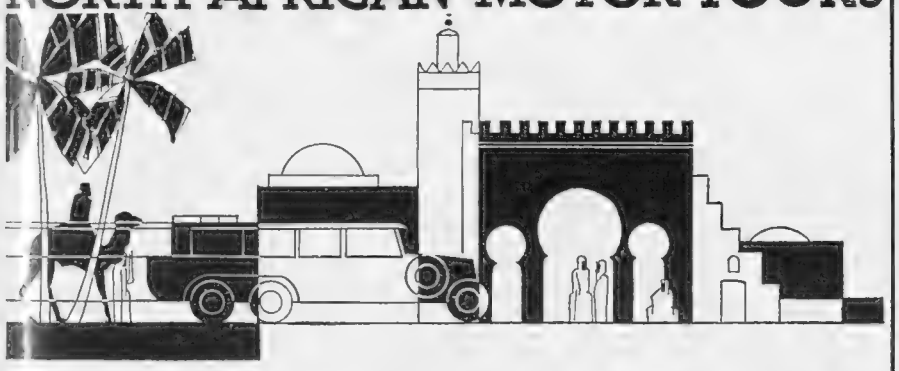

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THE REBEL ISLE OF BEAUTY

(Continued from p. 395)

under their success that they would brook no interference of any kind. Here, succinctly, is the record of the chief killings, mixture of "for honour" and sheer murder:

Spada, thirty-three, labourer in his native Lopigna until twenty-four, shot and killed gendarme Caillaux in 1922, when latter was arresting notorious bandit Rutili. Escaped to Barcelona, where incarcerated for a second murder. Escaped from prison, regained Corsica. Kidnaps bandit Caviglioli's sister, Marie-Aimée, after belabouring C. The woman runs away with an Ajaccio shopkeeper, Giocondi. Spada, defending his honour in proxy manner, kills Marie-Aimée's uncle and sister and hauls back Marie-Aimée. Kills his own lieutenant, Antonelli. Finally, on losing the motor-coach service of which he had become concessionary, ambushes this and kills two gendarmes travelling in it. That was a year ago. He then took a new companion, Antoinette Leca (now in prison), and repaired to his fastness of La Punta, strategically dominating the gulf of Sagone. He was turning this into a loop-holed fortress. A dead shot, like all of them, and much the most formidable. Knows the *maquis* like an open book, and can live away by himself for months.

Bornéa, twenty-six, ex-gendarme, ex-naval quartermaster, deserter 1929. May have killed only one man who refused to make way for him on the road as he motored by, but is regarded as second only to Spada, and probably mixed up in latter's killings. Is expert with m.g. rifle.

Bartoli, the "aristocrat" of the *maquis*. Killed three members of Mancini family on account of betrayal (read "for honour"). Killed two gendarmes at his headquarters, Palneca, because these had come back against his orders. He dominated the Col de Verde and the main road running down the centre of the island, levying tribute by intimidation, reserving his own territory for *la chasse*. Was himself shot and killed on November 4 after falling into a trap laid by a wood contractor, Simonetti, one of his victims. S. lured B. by providing an attractive police "pigeon," brought across specially from Toulon, and answering to the name of Zaza. Zaza and Bartoli met, the latter was plugged in the back, and Simonetti has drawn the £3,000 reward. And Zaza is back, for her skin's sake, at Toulon. And S., also, is wisely leaving for "the continent."

Caviglioli, directly responsible for the arrival of the expeditionary force. Sinned against even Spada's code when, in August, he descended to Guagno-les-Bains and demanded 10,000 francs from the hotel-keeper, who paid. If any as much as showed themselves at a window they'd be shot. A chauffeur did so and got a bullet in the heart. After which, the police went out after C. and his two nephews, who have been in the *maquis* together for years consequent on an honour murder. C., becoming annoyed, ambushed a police car on November 2 and killed two gendarmes. A third, gravely wounded, killed C.

Such are the main killings; there have been others, as there are other "aces" of the *maquis* on the run, notably Caviglioli, junr., Michaeli, and Torre. One or two of their status (or nearly so) have given in through cold and hunger, but so far operations have drawn much of a blank.

The expedition had been in preparation some time and was held back for the next gendarme-killing. Meanwhile, special service men collected the names of all who, in one way or another, were known to be in touch with the bandits. What followed is familiar. One morning Ajaccio awoke to find itself occupied; the *El Djem* had sailed into harbour in the night with the expeditionary force and soon affairs on the island began to resemble Ireland during the troubles. Curfew, martial law, permits to circulate, police visits in the dead of night, arrests of men, women, children, the same stony silence of the inhabitants, sympathy with men on the run, resignation under inquisition, incessant rumours, war correspondents, zones of operations, search for arms, crowded gaols. Yes, a little bit of Ireland in the Mediterranean . . . though, I hasten to add, not for quite the same reason.

General Fournier, in command, thinks it will take a long time; chance and the elements being now his standbys, not tanks and armoured cars. Method is to encircle and hem in four zones in which the chief culprits are known to be hiding. Moves are made in the night on suspect villages, and the mayor-and-all are yanked out for questioning. But they never know anything.

Take Palneca, whose 2,000 inhabitants are freely Bartolis, and which yielded the most prisoners. Or Bologna Bornéa's place. All night the *garde mobile* trudged up fearful, ankle-deep "roads," drenched to the skin, for taking over. Principally, they found Bornéa's old mother surrounded by pictures of her dashing son, and—knowing nothing. Small, occupying groups are left in each place. At Palneca, Madame Bartoli *mère*, a fine, proud old peasant, was silent

All she said (to Simonetti) was, "You killed my son. I have nothing to say, except this: give me back my second whom you have taken to Ajaccio."

The gendarmes turned everything upside down. After they had gone the *Journal* correspondent saw the old woman start picking things up, with a long sigh. The effort is to drive the bandits right away from the faintest creature comfort. Thus, both Spada's and Bornéa's fastnesses have been occupied, also a cave of the former's—duly bombed first—where were blankets, provisions, wine, medicine, pillows—everything for two, Spada and his young brother. The outlaws are really outcasts now, trailing through the snow, unable to call anywhere, living on roots and herbs and what they can trap or their dogs come by. Nor have they too much ammunition for the last stand when it comes. A regular arsenal was taken at Bornéa's place.

Night after night the tramp, tramp of the armed forces is heard.

"It is good training," says the general. "They are getting to know the *maquis*."

And the patrol boat, *La Gracieuse*, watches the eastern coast lest friends come for Spada or Bornéa. The while, down on the Cours Napoléon at Ajaccio, the odds are shouted in the cafés, now defeatist, now optimist, and rumours and informing letters crowd in on the examining magistrates.

And people ask, "What are they going to do with the prisoners?" They were going to try them at Aix-en-Provence, but that notion has been dropped. A good deal, in fact, is or is to be dropped. For, after all, was not the truest thing said in Paris itself? Cleaning-up begins at home.

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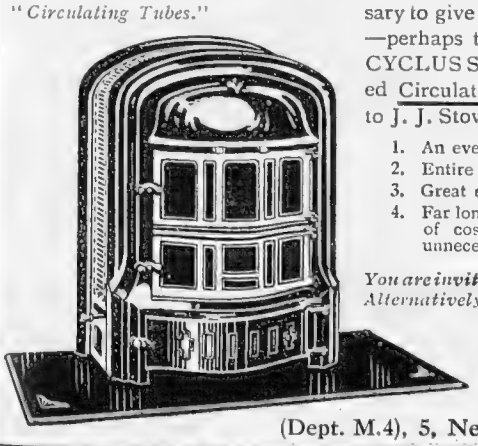

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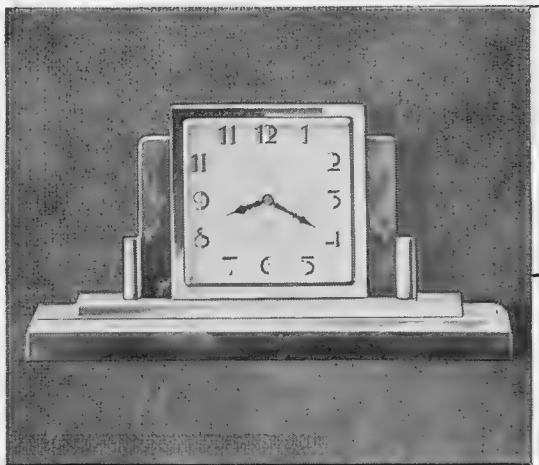
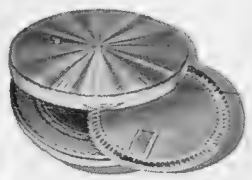


Eight-day Clock in Chromium Case on Green Onyx base. Height 3" £4.10.0 - - - Height 4" £6.0.0



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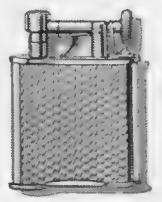

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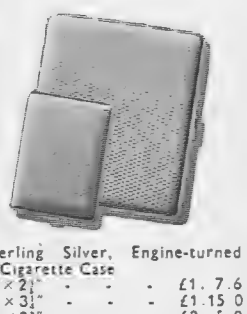

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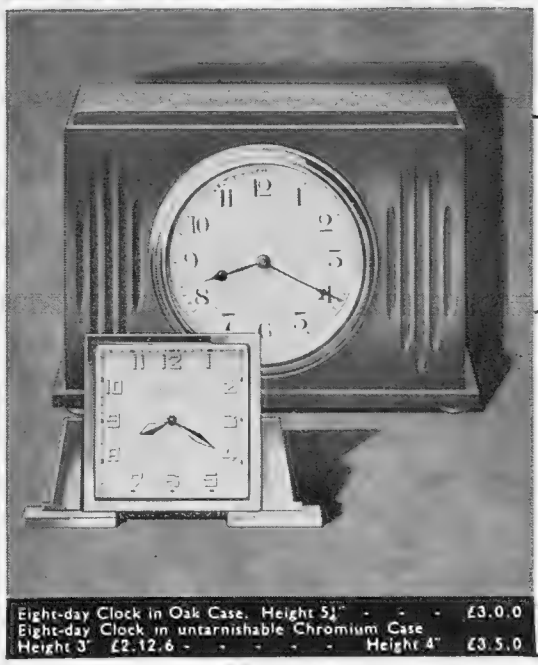

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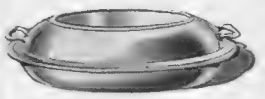

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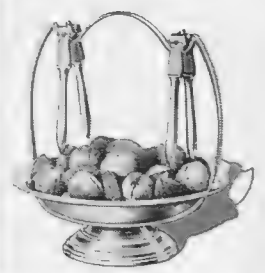

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"Winter Resort" Tkts. (available 1 month) from Waterloo, 1st 67/3, 3rd 40/6. "Holiday" and Week-end Tkts., 1st 49/-, 3rd 29/6.

GO SOUTH *for* SUN

By MAXWELL FRASER

In fairy tales the love of a princess was always the spell which could transform a monster into a handsome prince—and perhaps it is the tender fragrance which clings to such a delightful tale that invests Worthing with its charm, for Worthing can boast its fairy princess. Before the coming of Princess Amelia in 1799 Worthing was an insignificant village, but under her patronage, and the social importance which her constant visits gave the town, it grew to a popularity which has only increased with the passing of years. Each new visitor has in turn been charmed by a town which can amuse and entertain the lover of gaiety and sport, or give quietude to those who are in need of rest. Its climate, though invigorating, is so mild and equable that the town is no less delightful in the winter than in the summer, whilst the interest of its surroundings gives an added zest to any exploration of the neighbourhood.

Although, apart from its links with Princess Amelia, Worthing can boast of no historical associations, it points with pride to the fact that it inspired two writers to some of their most famous works. That brilliant and erratic genius, Oscar Wilde, not only wrote his witty comedy, *The Importance of Being Ernest* there, but gave the name of the town to his principal character, whilst the delicately lovely lyrics in *Hawthorn and Lavender* were all composed by W. E. Henley when he was living at Worthing.

There is such an airy, green and gold and blue freshness about this friendly seaside town that, in spite of the fact that it is the fourth largest town in Sussex, it has all the fascination of a garden city. Spacious, well-planned, and gay with flower-beds and tree-shaded lawns, its three-mile-long promenade is supplemented by delightful parks which extend nearly a mile inland and bring the airy brightness of the countryside into the heart of the town.

It is fortunate, too, in the possession of a vast expanse of firm sands which make an ideal lounging place for sun and sea bathers, and with a magnificent pavilion and theatre to keep its visitors happily employed all through the warm, sunny days and the evenings which, even in the depths of winter, are agreeably mild. So equable is the temperature of this playground of winter holiday-makers that sub-tropical trees, fruit, and flowers grow there luxuriantly to testify to the truth of the statistics which give Worthing such a high standing among winter holiday resorts.

Worthing has been known for its luscious figs since the days when Thomas à Becket stayed at Tarring, now a suburb of the larger town. Tradition says that the Archbishop himself planted the original trees, and one tree is pointed out by the people of Tarring as surviving from those he planted.

The larger part of the present fig garden dates from 1745, and those who mistrust the longevity of the fig tree can at least have the satisfaction of seeing the genuine remains of the ancient Bishop's Palace which have been converted into a school.

Tarring itself goes far to make up for the historical deficiencies of Worthing, for its Early English Church is exceedingly handsome, and contains some ancient stalls and misereres, a tablet to Selden, the great jurist who took a prominent part in the constitutional struggle in Charles I's reign, and a memorial to Southey, whose daughter married a rector of the church. Three old houses in Parsonage Row are under the care of the Sussex Archæological Trust, which fact is in itself a proof of their interest.

Among the many pleasant walks which can be taken from Worthing is that to Goring, which may be reached along the sands at low tide. Goring Hall was built by Sir Bysshe Shelley, grandfather of the poet, and in the village died that most sympathetic and gifted of nature writers, Richard Jefferies.

A SUN-TRAP ON THE SOUTH COAST: The front at Worthing where, even during the heavy south-west gales of winter, any stray beam of sun is caught and the greatest available shelter is to be found

A delightful shady lane leads to Ferring, which has a fine church, but is more noted among holiday-makers for the "Devon teas" obtainable at one of the cottages. It is a charming village which is a veritable sun-trap, and is a real haven of refuge to those who like to get right away from the more sophisticated pleasures of a town.

Another place within easy reach of Worthing is Arundel, one of the most picturesque, imposing, and absorbingly interesting towns in Sussex. Rising high above the River Arun, and fittingly crowned with its castle and churches which have played a dominating part in Arundel's history, the town is wholly medieval in its atmosphere if not completely so in its buildings.

The wonderful old castle, which has sustained three memorable sieges — in 1102, 1139, and 1643 — is the perfect embodiment of what a medieval castle should be — a mass of enormously thick walls, turrets, and fortifications, reached by a drawbridge and portcullis; a fitting home, with its vast deer park, for the Premier Duke and Earl Marshal of England.

The parish church, which dates from 1380, contains some rich monuments, including that of the nineteenth Earl of Arundel, the patron of William Caxton. The adjoining Roman Catholic church of St. Philip Neri has an exceedingly beautiful interior.

Worthing is equipped with a plenitude of those *sine-qua-nons*—the social amenities of the conventional seaside resort.

F TRAVEL

GO WEST *for* HEALTH

The adventurers of old sought for El Dorado and its fabled gold in the west, but, like the children who searched for the Blue Bird of Happiness, they neglected to search at home. El Dorado *does* lie in the west—the West of England—where in the depth of winter there are the gold of sunshine and the wealth of an infinite joyousness which spring from health and well-being.

Devon, with its counterpart of South Pembrokeshire across the Severn Sea, and its delightfully contrasted neighbour, Cornwall, makes a winter playground which can rival the best that the Continent can offer, not only in equability of climate, but in beauty of scenery, in historic interest, and in its power to charm every visitor.

There are many holiday resorts in this winter playground—towns where gaiety is the order of the day, and villages of an endless charm and quiet serenity. Torquay, the fairest town in all the fair county of Devon, leads the way in planning amusements for its guests, but such resorts as Exmouth in east Devon, Tenby in Pembrokeshire, and St. Ives, Penzance, Newquay, or Falmouth in Cornwall, have their own special claims.

Torquay, where colours of an almost barbaric brilliance, and sub-tropical vegetation which is strongly reminiscent of the world-famous gardens of Algiers, are blended with that delicate and appealing charm which is rarely found anywhere but in England, is a town which justly prides itself on anticipating the most wayward moods and whims of its visitors, who can indulge in the most up-to-date amusements or spa treatments in the medical baths and its spacious sun-lounge and ball-room or, if they have antiquarian interests, revel in the wonders of Kent's Cavern and its prehistoric remains, and in the twelfth century abbey and churches in Torre Valley. The indolent can bask on one of the eight great sandy bays, and the energetic can play games all through the day, and dance, or go to a concert or theatre in the evening. Walks and drives beckon to the lover of natural scenery, whilst fine shops and beautiful villas delight the eyes of the more gregarious. Even the climate ranges from the caressing warmth of Tor Bay to the breezy, invigorating atmosphere of the sunny Babbacombe Downs. All the year round Torquay welcomes its guests on their arrival, and speeds them reluctantly on their departure, and every year it gains new adherents who return home to spread the story of its charm, and win still more people to visit the town themselves.

Exmouth has a three-fold attraction for holiday-makers, for it is at one and the same time a seaside resort and a riverside town, with a delightfully countrified atmosphere which gives an air of serenity and simplicity to its pleasant streets and well-planned residential quarter. Exmouth has a magnificent stretch of bathing beach commanding a glorious panorama of the south Devon coast-line, and of the quietly-lovely countryside through which the River Exe flows, and is backed by a hill which shelters it from all cold winds. Although the town has no relics of the past, it has been in existence for over a thousand years, during which time many stirring events have taken place there, and it is a centre for innumerable towns and buildings of historic interest in East Devon and the Exe Valley.

Tenby, set in the countryside known as "Little England Beyond Wales," is essentially English in its characteristics, and is set on a coast which is a counterpart of Devon's soft contours and brilliant colouring. This south-western corner of Pembrokeshire gained its name from the colony of Flemish weavers who settled in the district during the reign of Henry I. Intermarrying with the Norman colonists, they and their descendants have for 800 years preserved the English language and customs in the face of endless efforts on the part of the surrounding Welsh tribes to dispossess them. Tenby was their chief town, and still retains its ancient walls and the ruins of its once-powerful castle. Tenby's citizens gave shelter to the youthful Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, after the overthrow of the Lancastrians at Tewkesbury, and also played a part in the Civil War, changing hands several times before its final capture by the Parliamentarians. With its miles of golden sands, and its cave-riddled cliffs, Tenby is a perfect paradise for holiday-makers, whether young or old, and is not only a centre for exploring a fascinating and little-known district on the mainland, but is the starting point for Caldy, a small island 2½ miles from Tenby Harbour. Caldy, often referred to in medieval documents as "The Island of Saints," was the site of a monastery as early as the sixth century, and the ruins of a thirteenth-century monastery stand near the Modern Priory House.

Though the gigantic granite cliffs for which the Cornish coast is famous shelter so many of its wholly enchanting seaside towns and villages, each of the Cornish resorts has an individuality of its own. St. Ives, beloved by artists, and dating from the earliest times, climbs in picturesque confusion up the sides of the cliffs overlooking two great bathing beaches. Penzance, the town of tropical flowers, is set where the cliffs sink to a sandy seashore, facing the exquisite St. Michael's Mount, and is additionally attractive as a centre for exploring the delightful Land's End district. Newquay crowns cliffs which drop down 300 ft. or more to a vast expanse of golden sand, where the bathers are well-sheltered in delightful coves which are veritable sun-traps, and Falmouth is set on the hilly shores of the glorious Fal estuary—a town of rare beauty in a setting of real loveliness.

EXMOUTH—A RESORT OF THREEFOLD ATTRACTION: It is a seaside town, a riverside town, and also offers to its visitors good scenery, historic surroundings, and pleasant amenities

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TORQUAY, in Sunny South Devon, sheltered as it is from the east winds and facing due south, is the ideal spot for Winter Holidays or residence.

ONE need never have a dull moment in Torquay; a progressive Municipality have arranged everything for the health and happiness of visitors.

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QUIET, sheltered nooks abound in the vicinity, and the famous scenic gems, Babbacombe, Oddicombe, Watcombe, Maidencombe, Anstey's Cove, Beacon Cove, Cockington, &c., are all within easy reach.

UTOPIA would fittingly describe Torquay, with its lovely scenery, sheltered position, and climate more equable than that of the Continental Riviera.

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You will return from your stay feeling that "all's right with the world."

Illustrated Guide free from Town Clerk, Dept. S, Tenby

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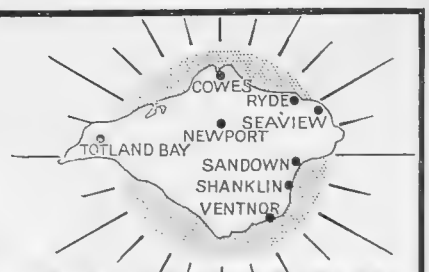
Spend your Winter in the Sunshine of the



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The £ s. d. of WIRELESS

The B.B.C. Tax of Ten Shillings a Year Produces a Desirable Dividend in the Form of Nightly Entertainment of Pleasant Variety

By GARRY ALLIGHAN

Everybody connected with the B.B.C. and the radio industry anticipate that 1932 will establish a record in the number of new listeners who become licensed, and the general estimate is that the national total will have turned the half-way mark between the four and the five million listeners by this time next year. It is to THE SPHERE readers who will be among that number—the potential listener—that this article is addressed, and in the course of it I will endeavour to answer this question: What do I get for my money?

Obviously there are two returns on the investment: a set and a service. It is stupid for me to discuss here the various kinds of sets available, as choice by the potential purchaser will depend entirely on personal preference and prejudice. A rough classification leaves the situation thus: Ignoring the crystal sets and one-valve sets costing as little as up to £5, SPHERE readers can begin by considering (a) three and four-valve sets, (b) more than four-valve sets, (c) radio gramophones for portable sets. In the first class very good nationally-made instruments can be secured for from £8 to £15. In the multi-valve class the prices range from £20 to £70. Radio gramophones can be obtained from 20 guineas to 150 guineas. Portables vary in price from £10 to £30. Individual taste and individual purse will determine which of these the embryo listener desires.

Having obtained the set, which is the chief outlay, the question arises, What can the set obtain? Broadly speaking, the three and four-valve sets can bring in from fifteen to thirty stations. The multi-valve sets can bring in from twenty to fifty stations. Radio-gramophones have approximately the same radio capacity as the first class with the additional advantage of the gramophone facility. Portable sets will bring in from twenty to forty stations. The intending purchaser can, from the foregoing, gain an outline of an idea of how much the set will cost to purchase and the diversity of programmes it will make available.

I am recognized at B.B.C. as that corporation's most vigilant critic on Sunday broadcast programmes. My attitude has always been that the B.B.C. is not evil because it is a monopoly, but is evil when it misuses its monopolistic powers. It has the monopoly of British broadcasting, and that monopoly carries with it a moral obligation to employ its powers to the utmost for the benefit of the general public.

A WIRELESS CHART: The MacGregor Station Indicator incorporated in a six-valve Stenode Radiostat receiver. A lamp lights under each station on the map as the tuning dial is turned

In my opinion, first and foremost of all are the symphony concerts which are a regular feature of the weekly programmes. Dr. Adrian Boult has succeeded in putting this country in the forefront of musical nations for the first time. Britain is now recognized the world over as possessing one of the three greatest symphony orchestras in the world and it has taken the magic of radio to place that fame on the brow of this country. Its concerts are remarkable in that they have an interest that is as satisfying to the low-brow taste in music as to the man of high-brow proclivities.

During the week I do not find any great necessity for any undue urge to tune in to Continental stations, as the B.B.C. services are usually adequate. In answering the question, What do I get for my money? I proceed to review some of the outstanding services which the B.B.C. supply to listeners in return for the very trifling tax of 10s. per year.

FOUR ENTERTAINMENTS IN ONE: One of the marvels of this year's Radio Show at Olympia was this combination wireless receiver, cinema projector with talkie apparatus and screen, and electric gramophone with a pick-up

Next in order of appeal I should place the dance music which is broadcast. The listener that is to be may have the idea that dance music means Jack Payne's band, whereas there are several other bands, none of which is inferior to Jack Payne's, and at least two are superior, which broadcast regularly. In these first five dance bands the dance enthusiast will find utmost satisfaction because of their varying styles of performance. Those who like the eccentric playing may be able to find enjoyment from Jack Payne's band because that combination has, in the process of its recent deterioration due to eternal changes, reverted to the old-fashioned style of "hot" playing when the trombone undulates a bowler hat in front of his instrument, and the cornet player throws what is technically known as "handfuls of dirt" into the music, and the saxophone combines with the rest to produce those negroid nonsensicalities which early days of jazz introduced. Therefore, as I say, those who do not like that style of dance music—and they are in the majority—find their pleasure from such bands as Henry Hall's, who, from the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool, broadcasts dance music of a sweeter character and more velvety tone, and Roy Fox from the Monseigneur in Piccadilly, who makes his dance broadcasts interesting by a straight vocalist or a whispering cornet solo.

Then there are the vaudeville programmes which, instead of being twice nightly, are twice weekly. They bring to the microphone a miscellany of talent from which it is impossible for anybody to fail to find something that pleases them. The radio dramas which are broadcast and which are not the most successful feature of B.B.C. services are nevertheless interesting experiments in the discovery of a new technique. I have also discovered that the talks at which it is popular to sneer are as a matter of fact in a very high position of popularity with the general run of listeners.

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The Pye "TwinTriple" is the greatest achievement in radio. 30/50 stations at loudspeaker strength free from interference. Reproduction is superbly realistic. Completely portable, completely self-contained, the all-electric models need only a plug to the mains. BATTERY MODEL 22 GUINEAS. ALL-ELECTRIC MODEL (A.C. or D.C.) 28 GUINEAS. ALL BRITISH.

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Lactogen is pure, fresh, full-cream modified dried milk with extra cream and natural milk sugar added, made in all important respects exactly like breast milk.

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—BOOKS

(Continued from p. 406)

Mr. Polunin's book is in the form of a diary, and is written with admirable detachment and sanity. Enterprise went hand in hand with sympathy in his investigation of an unknown land.

The chief effect on me of Mr. Alec Waugh's new novel, *So Lovers Dream* (Cassell 7s. 6d.), was that of nostalgia. He made me pine for New York again. I never expected to pine for New York. It is one of the most fascinating cities in the world, but, like a vain woman, it wants you to go on admiring her in one long crescendo of praise. And then Mr. Waugh in this novel, which might be well called *All Over the Place*, switched me over to the Welcome Hotel, at Villefranche, and gave us the everlasting Riviera of English fiction, with its rich Americans arriving by liner, its lovers, its gigolos, and its observant novelists. Tired of that, he switches us back to New York, all in a make-believe ferment of emotion over one, Faith, a restless Pilgrim daughter in whom neither I nor Mr. Alec Waugh can find any real interest. But all this restlessness is superbly done, to a background of jazz, drink, cables, and a kind literary agent who is given a new use for successful novelists to conduct his office as a kind of lover's Poste Restante.

Gordon Carruthers, having safely emerged from the loom of youth, is now in the thirties, the swim, and the grip of an American lecture agent. This story is really the autobiography of a novelist. It tells you how much he earns, how often he works, how he makes plots for serials, and how, in a weak moment, he settles in London and becomes liable for income-tax. Mixed with all this there is a little cricket, a little unpleasant psychology following Mr. Waugh's fidelity to Lord's and Freud. What really matters are the very clever pictures of life in New York, the vivid contrast of the vicious languor of the Riviera with the vivacity of the New World. I wonder, however, whether this intrusion of living persons is wise, though the portrait of Miss Emma P. Wills of the Book and Play Club, is brilliantly and kindly done. Mr. Waugh, having accepted her salt and her influence, is not ungracious enough to guy her as so many have done. This amazing lady collects a row of celebrities, exhibits them at luncheons to the members of her society, and satisfies the longing for culture, and the desire to see authors in the flesh. Like Mr. Waugh, I, too, have been in that performing circus, and at Miss Wills's "Houpla" have nicely jumped in my two-minute turn. There is so much of this vivacious, well-devised story that set me guessing upon the identity of the originals that I had to stop. On the last page Gordon Carruthers' agent, nicest of nice agents, tells him, concerning Carruthers' last novel, that it is "Fifty per cent. better than anything else of yours." Since Gordon Carruthers is obviously Alec Waugh, I will endorse the opinion of the agent, and leave it at that.

Here are two excellent historical novels, *The White Gods* by Richard Friedenthal, and *Ambition* by Bernhard Guttmann (Heinemann. 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.). The former is based on the story of Cortez's great expedition to Mexico, the conquest of Montezuma, and the Aztec race. It is a most vivid reconstruction of the explorer's life, of the New World, and of the court of the King of Spain. If only we were taught history from books like this, how exciting one's school-days would have been! And I feel that the history is accurate, the reconstruction a faithful one. It is a very long novel, and not long enough.

The second book, *Ambition*, cannot avoid comparison with *Jew Süss*. It is a panorama of the state of Europe during the time of the Great Elector of Prussia. War, statecraft, lechery, ambition, religious persecution, the coarseness and the gusto of the age, are all vividly portrayed. If *Jew Süss* inspired the manner of this book we have a cause of gratitude to *Jew Süss*. It is not inferior in interest or treatment to that modern example of the art of historical fiction.

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

The History of the English House, *by Nathaniel Lloyd* **(The Architectural Press. 63s. net).**—This is the loveliest book on houses from the Norman Conquest to the Victorian era that we ever remember seeing. It has hundreds of plates of the finest examples of English houses, their exteriors, interiors, fitments, windows, roofs, chimneys, gateways, and lay-outs. Every illustration bears just the note necessary to the fullest appreciation of the contribution the particular example makes to the history of building in this country. There is a long introductory survey of each period, simply written, and highly interesting as a reflection of the changes in English taste. We can think of no book more suited to the taste of the reader who cares for English things or for those who want a comprehensive illustrated history for the library.

The Milner Papers, *Edited by Cecil Headlam* **(Cassell. 30s. net).**—These papers deal with the situation in South Africa from 1897–99, leading up to the Boer War. As High Commissioner at Cape Town, Milner saw the strife come to a head, despite his desperate attempt to avoid open collision. The papers reflect a creditable light on English diplomacy.

The Gentle Art of Faking Furniture, *by Herbert Cescinsky* **(Chapman and Hall. £2 2s. net).**—It is a very gentle art, and looking at the hundreds of beautiful examples in Mr. Cescinsky's book, we find it very difficult to condemn the counterfeiters and fakers.

The Wonder Years, *by F. Lort-Phillips* **(Nash and Grayson. 21s. net).**—A big game hunter's story of hunting in four continents. One of the most thrilling of big game books. There is not a dull page.

The Fifth Army, *by General Sir Hubert Gough* **(Hodder and Stoughton. 25s. net).**—A well set up defence of the tragedy that overwhelmed the Fifth Army. It has been long overdue and is convincingly made.

THE ISLAND OF SPICE-LADEN BREEZES

(Continued from p. 411)

tops of tree-clad, rocky cliffs for a distance of hundreds of feet in cascades of rainbow-hued spray when the sun is shining.

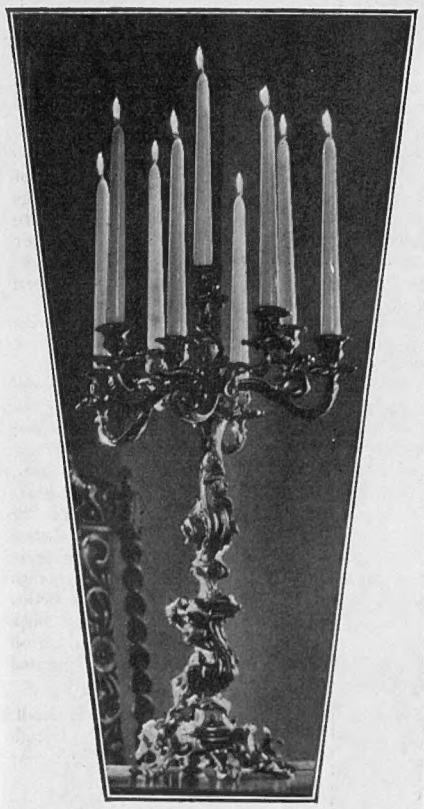
The pictures of workers in the terraced rice-fields and on plantations, as one passes through the countryside, are full of interest.

Then, of course, there are the centuries-old historic monuments and temples scattered about such as the colossal figure of Buddha at Anuradhapura, the wonderful ruins of Polonnaruwa, once the Cingalese capital, of which only two immense columns and a few fragments of buildings overgrown with herbage now remain with what is known as the "milk-white" *dagoba;* and the great mass of red granite of Sigiri, or "the lion rock," rising a sheer 400 ft. out of the jungle, and glassing itself in the water in the foreground, where an impregnable fortress once stood, reached by a guarded staircase.

Kandy, that romantic stronghold of ancient times, standing just outside the city, is a charming little town in a setting of mountains, lakes, and luxurious vegetation.

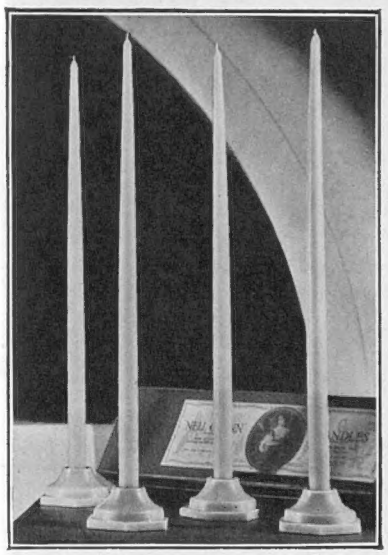
Kandy is noted for its magnificent sunsets, the distant hills being bathed in golden-amber light at first, fading to a pink hue such as is witnessed in the Rosengarten in Tyrol, and the scene on the lake at dusk and by moonlight is marvellously beautiful.

Lastly, Ceylon thoroughly deserves to be known as "the jewel upon the brow of India," as one writer has poetically described it, and the island of sweet perfumes. It is more easily explored than many Eastern countries, for the roads are nearly all excellent, and the Government has scattered about the country quite comfortable guest-houses, which fact should much encourage tourists to visit this delectable and fascinating island, where even golf is obtainable and sport of all kinds is good.



FOR DECORATION

FOR LIGHTING



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THIS bureau will readily provide details of tariffs at the hotels mentioned below, particulars of fares, routes, resorts, and hotels in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc.

Aberdeen	The Caledonian Hotel
Abergavenny	Angel Hotel
Aberlour	Lour Hotel
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	New Inn Hotel, Muddiford
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Bournemouth	The Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Bancroft Hotel
Do.	Branksome Tower Hotel
Do.	Haddon Hall Private Hotel
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bray (Co. Wicklow)	Bray Head Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Bridlington	Hotel Britannia
Bridport	Bridport Arms Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Do.	The King's Hotel
Do.	Katte Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Brockenhurst	Brockenhurst Hotel
Bromley Hill	Bromley Hall Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Bundoran (Co. Donegal)	The Hamilton Hotel
Bury St. Edmunds	Angel Hotel
Do.	Three Kings Hotel
Bushmills (Co. Antrim)	Causeway Hotel, Giant's Causeway
Buttermere	Victoria Hotel
Buxton	The Old Hall Hotel
Callander	Dreadnought Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Montpellier Spa Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chepstow	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Clacton-on-Sea	The Kingsley Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Do.	Northdown Hall Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dingle (Co. Kerry)	Benner's Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Shelbourne Hotel
Do.	Wynn's Hotel
Dulverton	Carnarvon Arms Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Royal British Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	Albion Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Hydro Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Exeter	New London Hotel
Do.	Royal Clarence Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Greenbank Hotel
Do.	Gwendra Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fort William	The Palace Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	Riverside Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Goathland	The Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Grantown-on-Spey	Grant Arms Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Marine Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Harrogate	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Hove	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Keswick	Barrow House Hotel
Do.	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandrindod Wells	Ye Wells Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Ormscliffe Hotel
Do.	The Towers Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do.	Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	Mostyn Hotel, 16-19a, Portman St., Portman Square, W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Lynmouth	Tors Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Malahide (Co. Dublin)	Grand Hotel
Malvern	British Camp Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Matlock	The Lilybanks Hydro Hotel
Melrose	Abbey Hotel
Milford-on-Sea	Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Morecambe	Elms Hotel
Morehampstead	Manor House Hotel
Nairn	Royal Marine Hotel
Newquay	Headland Hotel
Do.	Rainbow End Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
North Berwick	Royal Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Oughterard (Co. Galway)	Corrib Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Polperro	Rose Hotel
Plymouth Hoe	Hoe Mansion Hotel
Do.	Osborne Pension
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rosslare (Ireland)	Strand Hotel
Ross-on-Wye	Ross Royal Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Cork)	Rostrevor Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Chy An Albany Hotel
Do.	Tregenna Castle Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Scarborough	The Grosvenor Hotel

BRITISH HOTELS

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"The Sphere" Travel Bureau

(Continued)

Scarborough	The Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Do.	Red Lea Hotel
Seaton	The Royal Clarence Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Do.	Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Do.	Red Horse Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Swanage	Craigside Hotel
Tankerton	Marine Hotel
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Thurlestone Hotel
Thurso	Pentland Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Astwell Hall Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Hennapyn Private Hotel
Do.	Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	Senlac Hotel, Welleswood
Do.	South Hill House Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria and Albert Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ventnor	Royal Marine Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Malvern	Westminster Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Weymouth	Hotel Burdon
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Old England Lake Hotel
Woking	Heathside Hotel
Woolacombe	Woolacombe Bay Hotel

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Stimulating, Refreshing.
Prevents Fatigue.
RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS.

The "RACKET" *of* CHARITY BALLS

(Continued from p. 399)

"a beauty." In this way he was able to separate the sheep from the goats, and consequently divided his cabaret into two halves—a brief, unimportant pageant or tableau where nobody spoke, and a cabaret where the professional actresses enlivened proceedings, and brought them back to the level of high spirits from which they had just been lowered.

And now for the future of charity balls—if, that is, we do not adopt a hospital sweep like the Irish one.

Here I cannot do better than quote the most successful of all the charity organizers. "In my opinion," he said, "pageants of society ladies are distinctly *fin de siècle*. Nobody wants to see Lady Whosit as a Trojan matron. Why should they? If you are going to have pageants, for goodness sake have professionals acting in them. By the same token, auctions at charity affairs are most undesirable. I disapprove entirely of rattling the tin can in front of people who have already paid their two guineas.

"Charity organizers ought to realize that nobody is compelled to come to their shows, and that most people would probably much prefer to go to *Cavalcade* or Quaglino's. So all charity affairs must have a great deal of imagination spent on them. In the case of charity dinner-dances I have been appalled by the dreary speeches which were neither witty nor gay, by the same dreary menu, and the ignorant table arrangement. Why, some of these people put married couples together who have not met for ages, with the result that divorce is almost inevitable!

"No," he went on, "charity organizers have got to invent new forms of entertainment and new methods of showmanship. We cannot all be Cochrans, but that is the ideal, and we can make much larger gross profits than Cochran can, because we can ask fancy prices for a single performance. Yet if imagination is used, the expenses need not be high. One of the keys to the success of a ball is in the size of the committee. In the Queen Charlotte's Midnight Ballet matinée at the Carlton Theatre you will notice that there are no fewer than 135 people on the committee. That is the way to do it.

"In my experience I have found that nine-tenths of the tickets are sold by members of the committee to their friends. Do you know that the success of every charity ball depends almost in its entirety on the same group of people, who buy tickets for all of those which they think are well organized and will give them pleasure, as well as showing a very high percentage of profit for the charities for which they are organized? The time may come, indeed, when they will all be on every charity committee, and they alone will make up the attendance at the charity ball.

"After all, there are only 500 of them, poor dears."

NOTES *and* NEWS

FRIENDS OF THE POOR

The Produce Market, in aid of the winter work of the Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W., is being held at the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness's house, 17, Grosvenor Place, on December 9 and 10. This promises to be unusually interesting, as, in addition to English country produce of all kinds, the High Commissioners of Canada and New Zealand are furnishing stalls with products of these Dominions. Canned fruit and vegetables will be on sale not only from the Dominions but also from the new and much talked of English factories.

LETTS GET A DIARY!

For specialized diaries, there is practically no variety that is not available from the firm of Charles Letts. There is the Business Man's Diary, which enables one to keep track of one's overdraft and one's shares; the Wireless Diary, wherein one can note times, items, and stations one wants to tune in on; the Poultry Keeper's Diary, which is comprehensive in its advice on White Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks. Furthermore, there are the Book Lover's Diary, the British Empire Diary, the A.A. Motorist's Diary, and the Gardener's Diary. Almost all these varieties are fitted with the new Ticketal—a perpetual tablet for the forgetful, and the firm has produced a tiny diary appropriately yclept "Mayfair," which will not crease the smartest waistcoat nor bulge the chic-est bag. The firm has also doubled its insurance benefits without increasing the price of the diaries themselves.

"AND SO TO—DIARIES"

The famous firm of John Walker and Co. Ltd. have produced for 1932 as for past years an excellent selection of their famous Silk-Sewn Diaries, each of which carries with it a £1,000 accident insurance coupon. There are four main varieties, each of which is obtainable in five sizes; these are the One Week at an Opening; the Two Weeks at an Opening; the Two Days to a Page; and the One Day to a Page. In addition, there are wallet diaries, one week to a page, with pockets for cards and stamps; a Treasury note series of diaries; a bewildering selection of tablet and desk diaries, and several types of minute diary suitable for the daintiest lady's bag.

CHRISTMAS CHEER—"The Christmas Sphere"

THE CHRISTMAS "SPHERE"

Snow-mantled roofs greet the reader on the picturesque cover of THE SPHERE Christmas Number for 1931. The design itself is by Millar Watt and shows a group of snow-covered roofs glimmering in the moonlight around a courtyard through which Father Christmas threads his way.

A special feature of this Christmas Number is "A Posy of Pretty Children," selected from hitherto unpublished canvases by master hands of the Past and Present. The most attractive of these will probably prove to be that entitled "A Little Lady of Alkmaar," a delicious little person who is depicted in her Dutch dress and beribboned cap by Cesar van Everdingen. All these portraits are reproduced as page pictures in full colour.

A thrilling Christmas story by Gottfried Keller, entitled "Clothes Make the Man," is illustrated in colour by C. Walter Hodges. This is one of the best tales ever written by this prince of story-writers. De Quincey's marvellous word-picture of the old coaching days, entitled "Down to the Country with 'Victory,'" is also fully illustrated in colour.

AN OMISSION

The architects of the Castle Hotel, Bermuda—whose drawing was published, unfortunately without acknowledgment, in last week's issue of THE SPHERE—are Messrs. Yates, Cook, and Darbyshire, London; Messrs. Mayers, Murray, and Philip, New York (in collaboration).

The Younger Waits

Now rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
May Christmas all your cares dispel,
And find you jolly, fit, and well,
And when the New Year comes, just say:
"I will get 'Younger' every day."

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S
Scotch Ale

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OGDEN'S

Enjoy the Pleasures of the Table

TAKEN at meal-time and at any other period of the day Vichy-Célestins is a very pleasant and *proved* corrective for gastric trouble and liver disorders.

Obtainable everywhere.

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Natural Mineral Water.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents*:

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Cuticura Soap

Teach children early in life to use **Cuticura Soap** every day and **Cuticura Ointment** for any rashes or irritations. Shampoos with **Cuticura Soap** keep the hair healthy and thick.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1. Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices.
G. H. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent.

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First-class Breeding Pairs (1931 or adults), all of the famous Tarnedge strain.
PEEBLES FUR FARM,
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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
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THE IDEAL PRESENT *for the* YOUNG FOLK *this year is* THE DRAGON BOOK

Here's a simple, yet pleasingly effective, way of solving the gift problem for the young folk.

The DRAGON BOOK, crammed full of clever, humorous drawings by Alfred Leete, will afford hours of pleasure to any child who is big enough to shun stupidity and yet old enough to appreciate the brilliant portrayal of the many episodes in the life of DENNYS, Rouge Dragon of the Fiery Breath.

You need have no fear of introducing DENNYS into any family circle this Christmas. He will ensure for himself a warm welcome wherever he goes.

When you write out your Christmas gift list, put down the DRAGON BOOK for the clever boys and girls you know. Those who revel in fun and prankish tricks will appreciate it just the same. They will keep your gift as a treasured possession, and you will have solved *their* gift problem economically and really effectively.

100 Pages of Clever Humour

by ALFRED LEETE.

Here are some of the contents

The Buying of Dennys
Dennys in the Castle Kitchen
The Breakfast of the First Prince of Wales
Making Friends with the Castle Dog
A Good Dragon Year in Prospect
St. George and the Dragon
Good Egg!
A Welsh National Emblem
Smoking Out Rabbits
An Increase in Fire Insurance
A Regular Let-Down
Worsted by a Worm
The Age of Chivalry
Dennys Tests the Ice
Bombe Glacee en Surprise
What Offers?
Assisting the Castle Barber
The Castle Plumber finds Dennys Useful
Defending the Castle
Dennys Assists at an Historic Occasion
Burning Words of Love
Saturday Night in the Castle
The Warming-Pan
How the Lady Elaine was Enabled to Elope
Dennys Helps the Old Soldier
The End of the Song
Dennys does a Good Turn to the Castle Cook
Love at First Sight
The Courtship
The Encore
Dennys and Dora go House-hunting
Dennys Signs a Lease
The Wedding
Howls on the Wireless
The First Tiff
" Hello! Somebody's for It!"
The Voice of the Tempter
A Change of Seat

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